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THE CLÔTURE DEBATE.

MR. MARRIOTT'S Amendment has been rejected by a majority considerable in itself and larger than was expected. For the clôtüre in some shape, and with a consciousness that to vote for the clôtüre was almost the same thing as to vote for it in the shape given to it by the Government, there voted 318 members. This was a very strong vote, as strong a vote as any Government is likely to obtain for many a day on any question, unless the subject happens to catch the support of the extreme Irish party or appeals to the patriotism of the Opposition. If the majority could be analysed, it would be found to have consisted of very various groups—of those who really want the most stringent clôtüre they can get; of those who honestly think they are wrong in dreading the clôtüre when Mr. GLADSTONE recommends it; of those who want their party to be a power, whatever it does; of those who dislike the clôtüre, but persuade themselves it will be inoperative; of those who hate the clôtüre, but hate still more the prospect of a dissolution, and, lastly, of those who look on the clôtüre as merely one way more of silencing the Irish. Against the Government there voted 279 members, composed of almost the full Conservative force, of all the extreme Irish party, and of a few Liberals who had the courage of their convictions. That Conservatives and the extreme Irish should vote in the same lobby seemed to many Liberals something monstrous. Mr. DILLWYN spoke of the alliance as unholy, and even Mr. GLADSTONE stooped to conquer by the affectation of finding it impossible to distinguish whether a dissent from one of his remarks came from a fine old Tory like Mr. NEWDEGATE or an audacious young Irishman like Mr. HEALY. The Conservatives and the Irish voted together because they were equally attacked. Leading Ministers had been good enough to remove all doubts on this head. Lord HARTINGTON had informed the Conservatives that the clôtüre was designed to put down the regular opposition. Mr. BRIGHT had informed the Irish that the clôtüre was designed to knock the last feathers off those foul birds, the traitors of Chicago. Those who had a common foe banded together for self-defence; and the contention that so to band themselves together was wrong strikes a blow at the whole system of Parliamentary government even more serious than that dealt by the clôtüre in its worst shape. Even in all the excitement of the debate and division on the clôtüre, it is worth while to pause in order to examine what this contention really means. It means that on a great constitutional question affecting the three kingdoms equally, and on which there is a vital difference of opinion, the Opposition must decline to record its convictions by its vote if it sees that the extreme Irish intend to accompany it into the lobby. What is sauce for Conservatives is sauce for Liberals, and this is the way in which the constitutional Opposition ought always to behave. The Irish are to be tabooed by both parties alike. This is, in the first place, to efface the constitutional Opposition altogether; and, in the next place, it is to make Home Rule a simple necessity. How can it be said that Ireland is represented in the English Parliament if no English party will work with the Irish members on points on which their opinions thoroughly agree? The Union is a mockery if Englishmen are not to vote for what they think right merely

because Irishmen happen also to think it right. Had not Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE accepted what is called an unholy alliance, he would not only have eclipsed his own party, but he would have made a repeal of the Union inevitable. A Liberal who believes that the leaders of his own party, if in the same position, would not have thought the alliance both advantageous and holy, will believe anything.

The last two nights of the debate showed more conclusively than ever that even in the Cabinet itself there are two diametrically opposite views of the nature, objects, and effects of the clôtüre. The real drift of the respective exponents of these contrasted opinions may be easily tested by observing the mode in which they treat the Speaker. At one moment the Speaker is killed; at another he is brought to life again. Lord HARTINGTON and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT picture to themselves the working of the clôtüre with a non-existent Speaker. The time of the House is the property of the majority of the House; and the majority is not only to distribute its property as it pleases, but is to be always distributing it, giving a little dose of opportunity for speaking to this man and refusing it to that; allowing the House the amusement of a little debate when the Government is not much occupied, and sternly refusing this amusement when the Government is busy. It is obvious that the majority could perform its distributive functions with equal punctuality, and even greater rapidity, if there was nothing but that poor bauble the mace to be seen, and the Speaker dined habitually at Greenwich. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON did nothing more than give Lord HARTINGTON's scheme of clôtüre its logical and natural force when he announced that he should like to move an amendment cutting out all reference to the Speaker; but, as the forms of the House did not permit this, he would move an amendment that the Speaker should be guided by the appeal of a Minister or of a member in charge of the Bill under discussion. The Speaker and the mace must both be there, but one shall have as little to do with the clôtüre as the other. This virtually is what Lord HARTINGTON proposes, and the theory that the majority has an inherent right to distribute the time of the House is accepted. This is unquestionably the right form for the clôtüre to take. But, although Lord GEORGE HAMILTON does nothing more than put Lord HARTINGTON's recommendations into a plain and practical form, there is not the slightest chance of his amendment being accepted, because it runs entirely counter to the clôtüre scheme of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. DODSON. They resuscitate the Speaker, and when they have got him alive, they exalt him, they worship him, they can see no one but the Speaker, they can think of nothing but the Speaker. The bad things anticipated from the clôtüre cannot possibly happen, for the Speaker, serene, impartial, and omnipotent, will always be there to prevent them. The Speaker will be charged with an awful responsibility, and will be profoundly impressed with a consciousness of his own peculiar position. He will know that, unless he retains the confidence, not of the majority, but of the whole House, he is not fit to be Speaker. He must not only be impartial, but make every one believe he is impartial; and, if he were convicted by a division-list of such a misdemeanour as allowing a bare majority to browbeat and silence a minority, he ought at once to resign. So great would be his terror of the sad consequences to himself of setting in motion the clôtüre when it ought not to be set in motion, that he would

prefer the safe course, and not set it in motion at all. The *clôture* thus becomes harmless, because it becomes inoperative; and the controversy as to the amount of the sanctioning majority becomes futile, as the Speaker will always be guided by the calculation of a majority, not as defined by the rule, but as needed by himself.

For the purposes of effective debate, the Opposition speakers were thus placed at a great disadvantage. The ground was cut away from them. Everything said by one Minister was answered by something said by another Minister. The *clôture* will be always at work, said Lord HARTINGTON. It will be used, perhaps, once in a generation, replied Mr. GLADSTONE. It will keep the regular Opposition in proper order, said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. It will never be used except against persons who have been at Chicago, said Mr. BRIGHT. All that the Opposition could do was to ask, if the *clôture* was to do much, why risk it; and if it was to do nothing, why insist on it? The objections to Lord HARTINGTON's scheme of *clôture* were stated as neatly by Mr. SEXTON as by any one. The English Parliament has hitherto, he said, been distinguished from all other Parliaments by three things—the high position of the Speaker, the freedom of discussion accorded to the minority, and the acquiescence of the minority in its defeats—and all these three things would disappear under the full-blooded *clôture* of Lord HARTINGTON. The bloodless *clôture* of Mr. GLADSTONE was examined with temperate, but telling, criticism by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Even supposing that the Speaker is to be all in all, and will be so prudent and so impartial as to let his powers of terminating debate be dormant, still some harm will have been done. The impartiality of the Speaker will never be absolutely beyond suspicion, as it has hitherto been. There will be always a fear lest his prudent calculations for his own welfare should be turned into prudent calculations as to the support he will receive from a Ministerial majority. In his own inner self he may feel the same man, but to others the Speaker will never again be quite the same Speaker they have confided in. And now that the House, having decided that the *clôture* is to be set in motion by the Speaker, is going to discuss under what conditions his decision should be confirmed, it will be useful if speakers bear in mind, not only how the new rule will tell on the House, but on the Speaker himself. It will be his duty to be guided by the rule which the House ultimately accepts; and if he is a sensitive man, and very anxious to do his duty, he will carefully examine the rule, and see how he ought to interpret it. He will find that he has to express the evident sense of the House; but he will also find that the House has deliberately attached a non-natural meaning to the words, and has directed that under possible circumstances the evident sense of the House shall mean the evident sense of the barest possible majority. Thus, his very anxiety to do his duty may impel him to wander far away from the position assigned to him by Mr. GLADSTONE. The rule as proposed by the Government has the inherent defects that must attach to every proposal that combines attempts to reconcile two totally opposite lines of thought. The bare majority part belongs to Lord HARTINGTON's scheme, the interpretation by the Speaker of the evident sense of the House belongs to Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme. If the rule is carried as it is now shaped, one part of it may come into activity at one time and another part at another time. For the present it is highly probable that Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme will be in the ascendant, and the *clôture* may be very sparingly used. But, in the long run, full-blooded combatants generally beat bloodless ones, and Lord HARTINGTON may cheerfully anticipate that it is to him and his scheme that the future belongs.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THE particular occasions of Irish debates are rarely noteworthy, and that of Tuesday afternoon was perhaps no exception to the rule. The demand that a Government should contribute three votes to the strength of the Opposition, in a matter which it has just declared to be one of confidence or non-confidence, was one of some simplicity. But, though the enfranchisement, temporary or final, of suspects on parole is not absolutely without precedent, yet the inconvenience of the precedent which it might in this

case establish was a fair and not merely a colourable pretext for refusing to perform an act in itself perhaps rather Quixotically chivalrous. The only point of some interest in Mr. GLADSTONE's speech is the evidence which it once more gives of the curious fluctuations of his mental barometer in reference to the importance of the *clôture* Resolutions. It is never easy to know whether those Resolutions are matters of the most instant and exceptional urgency, or only on a level with a hundred other things. They are the former when Mr. GLADSTONE demands the support of his own followers for them; they are the latter when it is necessary to rebut a plea in favour of letting Messrs. PARNELL and DILLON revisit the glimpses of the lamp in the Clock Tower. It is not probable, however, that any one expected the Government to complicate still further the arithmetical anxieties of their Whips; and thus the debate, so far as its ostensible subject went, was lacking in reality and genuineness.

It was otherwise with the speech which Mr. FORSTER, in reply to one of Mr. HEALY's usual divagations, delivered, not so much on the proposal to let the members for Cork, Tipperary, and Roscommon come and vote against Mr. GLADSTONE, as on the state of Ireland. The criticisms of Mr. GORST, and the measured language of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in reference to this speech, have been treated as factious, or as approaching, if not to factiousness, at any rate to a want of generous sympathy with the difficulties of the Government. It is, indeed, impossible to imagine anything more disastrous or more doomed to certain failure and shame than a Tory-Irish alliance. But this happily exists only in the fertile imaginations of Radical journalists. If Conservatives and Home Rulers are found together in the Lobby, it is simply in resisting the proposal of the Government to cut the throats of both; and it has never been supposed that the right of defending one's own existence is abrogated because the existence of an obnoxious third person is threatened likewise. The reward which the regular and orderly Opposition has received for exerting itself to help the Government in the suppression of disorder has not been so munificent that it should be specially eager to "sympathize" with that Government now. But the general state of Ireland is still, it may be hoped, to the main body of the Conservative party what it has always been—a national and not a party question. In that state it is the fashion to discern gleams of hope. There are gleams certainly; but, if they are gleams of hope, it must be of a very curious kind. At no time during the whole trouble of the last two years have serious outrages been so prevalent as they are now. It is impossible to unfold a newspaper at breakfast without seeing the headings "Another Murder," "Another Moonlight Ontrage," and so forth. The late fatal attempts on life in Dublin have been of the gravest character of all—they have been acts of vengeance on persons suspected of giving information to the Government. It is said by optimists that such acts show at least as much disappointment and despair as they do resolution and organization. It must be a happy temperament which comforts itself much with this explanation. In the country such attacks as that on Mr. CARTER are more daring and more coolly arranged, if not more numerous than ever, while the range of the MOONLIGHT terror seems to be wider and wider. The now usual practice of "shooting in the legs" with heavily charged guns is obviously adopted for the purpose of taking life with the maximum of pain; and the sufferers include not merely open foes of the Land League, but apparently suspected brethren. Very little impression has yet been made on these MOONLIGHT bands. It is satisfactory, of course, that one such band should have been punished by a small ambush of police last week. But three men cannot arrest thirty, and what is wanted is the complete trapping (if after smart punishment, so much the better) of one of these gangs of ferocious and cowardly scoundrels. Major CLIFFORD LLOYD is, doubtless, perfectly right in exhorting to emulation of the conduct of the two brave farmer's sons who drove off a band of skulking ruffians unassisted. But something more than a stout defence is wanted; something in the shape of prompt and effectual succour and vengeance. The information which enabled the Thurles police to ambush a tiny picket might surely have availed to bring up a strong patrol to complete that picket's work.

This being the actual state of Ireland, Mr. FORSTER's account of his opinions of that state is naturally turned to with the greatest interest. He has had his Coercion

Acts now for a considerable time; he has got his selected six hundred ruffians sitting in gaol; but nobody seems one penny the better for it, and everybody is naturally asking what next? The opponents of coercion lift up their voices and cry; the advocates of it reply that they never dreamt of a coercion which simply means the immuring of a few hundred persons in a nondescript sort of confinement. Shot and steel and cord, not bottles of porter and chess-boards, have been the implements of the artists who have successfully dealt with Ireland in moods like her present mood. However this may be, the interrogative attitude in reference to Mr. FORSTER's plan has grown very decided, and the IRISH SECRETARY's virtual reply to Sir M. HICKS BEACH's question as to whether the Government still sees signs of improvement is practically an answer in the negative. Mr. FORSTER wound up a rather inconsistent speech, in which he at one time admitted that his plan had practically failed as to security of life and person, and at another asserted that it had to a certain extent succeeded as to property, by declaring that "they were fully determined to stop those outrages and murders at all costs, even if they had to apply to Parliament for further powers for the purpose." The words are differently and more significantly given in another report. According to this, Mr. FORSTER said that "it may turn out that, in order to maintain law and order and stop these murders, which are a disgrace to our country and to humanity, some stronger measures may even yet be necessary, and if the House is convinced of the necessity, it will 'mind its business' and resort to them." This would look very much like a hint at a definite abandonment of what Mr. BRAND called "milk-and-water coercion," if it were not (as Mr. GORST pointed out with perfect truth) that it is unfortunately rather in Mr. FORSTER's way to make large and mysterious statements of this kind. Mr. GLADSTONE's present policy is to spend the whole energies of Parliament in binding and gagging the Opposition. But it may be doubted whether Parliament would not find a much more profitable subject of discussion in the actual state of Ireland (not the interminable land question, but the general state of Irish life) than in devising means to prevent Lord HARTINGTON from being bored by Mr. WARTON and Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. If some intelligent and unprejudiced person could be set now to study the condition of Ireland, the result of his study would probably be that, short of open revolution—and perhaps not short of that—it could not be more alarming. "The water"—the milk and water of coercion by incarceration of suspects—"has choked," in the words of the old proverb. The Land Act, so far from having given the least satisfaction, has only produced the No-Rent agitation on the one side and the grumbles of the nominally loyal sticklers for the full virtue of the HEALY Clause on the other. Boycotting is so impudently carried on that it is now confessedly used to punish a landlord, of whom, as a landlord, even the Leaguers do not complain, for supplying the Government with a plot of land for a police-barrack. Murder has become a thing of daily, or almost daily, occurrence, and an organization which forms arsenals in the towns and dragoons the country seems invulnerable and undiscoverable by the police. According to Mr. BRAND, the only reason why crime is not stopped in Ireland is that the Government has not got the clôtüre. Mr. BRAND seems to have forgotten that by the loyal support of the party whom he and his friends are trying to gag, the Coercion Bill of last year was fought through, in spite of every possible opposition from the Irish party, and that what was done then could be done again with a Bill of any strength. Moreover, as every one who has seriously considered the subject knows, it is not more power, but more will or more brains, or both, that the Government wants. There have been statesmen who, with not a quarter of the means at Mr. FORSTER's disposal, would have had all Ireland in order by this time. But they certainly would not have done this by simply locking up six hundred men in a mild kind of imprisonment, and expecting that the charm would work of itself.

EGYPT.

A WRITER in the *Contemporary Review* who describes himself as an English resident in Egypt, and who has evidently access to various sources of accurate information gives the English public one more view of the situation in

Egypt. His main contention is that the summoning of a Parliament which is the mere creature and tool of military adventurers is not a stage in the rational progress of Egypt, but a positive departure from the lines in which progress has been made hitherto, and in which alone progress can be made for the future. The late KHEDIVE was for a long time a perfectly absolute monarch until, through fright of what was coming or might come to him, he promised to cease to be supreme, and to be guided by his Council of Ministers. He retreated from his engagement, and was ultimately deposed for so retreating. His son succeeded him on the understanding that he was to be guided by his Ministers, and by those singular adjoints to his Ministry, the Controllers appointed by the protecting Powers. In the days of his absolutism the late Khedive used to convoke a Chamber of Notables whenever he thought proper, partly because he thought that to have a Chamber of Notables of some sort would do him credit in the eyes of Europe, and partly because he strengthened the organization of his Government by having men of some local position or influence under his immediate control. The new Chamber of Notables is precisely like the old Chamber. It consists mainly of the same people who used to be called together, and the selection of Notables is imposed on the district in exactly the same way. They represent not the Egyptian people, but those who have called them together; and those who have called them together are the triumphant Colonels. ARABY BEY and his friends are as much the masters of Egypt as the late Khedive ever was, and the Chamber of Notables is only an instrument of this mastery. This really is the Egyptian situation expressed in a short and simple form. The Controllers are gone and the Khedive is gone. ISMAIL has reappeared in the shape of a military Committee; and a Chamber of Notables is added as an ornament to the Committee, as it used to be added as an ornament to ISMAIL. The party which the Committee chooses to say it represents deserves to be called national in the sense that it is really bringing back the nation to the old state of things with which it has been familiar since the days of the PHARAOHS. There is to be unlimited making of bricks without straw, and then the nation will feel itself again. Such is the view of the writer in the *Contemporary*; and, in the main, it is a view which is likely to commend itself to those who know Egypt best. But it must be remembered that absolutism cannot be restored in Egypt in the unfettered form which it assumed in the palmy days of ISMAIL. No Khedive and no Committee can be quite without limitations of authority. Egypt has entered into engagements with foreign Powers which are binding on every Egyptian Government, whether absolute or limited. There are the financial arrangements for the payment of the various debts of Egypt, which may be undermined, but which cannot be openly set aside; and there are the International Tribunals, which within their jurisdiction exercise more authority than any other bodies or persons, including ARABY BEY. A curious illustration of their usefulness has recently occurred. The Government—that is, the military Committee—thought proper to occupy all of a sudden the premises of an English railway Company with a detachment of soldiers on the plea that the site was wanted for new fortifications. Even ISMAIL would never have ventured to act towards English subjects in this very high-handed way. The Committee, however, rightly calculated that England would not actively intervene in a quarrel about a railway station. But though England was far off and very quiet, the International Tribunals were near and very active. The Company applied to the Tribunals, and at once got an order that the occupation of the premises should cease until it had been judicially determined whether the Government had a right to the site or not.

A much more important person, or at any rate a person much more publicly conspicuous than the English Resident, has just allowed his views of Egypt to be recorded. M. DE BLIGNIERES, lately French Controller in Egypt, has returned to Paris, and has been induced or forced to receive a visit from the inevitable interviewer. This professional person was quite qualified to fulfil the duties of his singular profession. He understood that to charm the public, personal gossip must always be mixed with political gossip. He accordingly not only took down the utterances of M. DE BLIGNIERES on the character of ARABY BEY, the use of the Control, and the origin of the military movement, but minutely noted

and described the general appearance of M. DE BLIGNIÈRES's house, the pattern of M. DE BLIGNIÈRES's carpets, and the looks and origin of the servant who opened the door. With these credentials of extreme accuracy he seems confident that he will be trusted to have given every word of M. DE BLIGNIÈRES's exactly as it was spoken. It was perhaps as well that he should take extra precautions for ensuring this confidence in himself, for M. DE BLIGNIÈRES began by saying that most of the information given by the newspapers about Egypt was such utter rubbish that it would be better at once to read novels, which, if equally untrue, might at least be amusing. After paying a high testimony to the loyalty and ability of his English colleagues, M. DE BLIGNIÈRES proceeded to some very frank criticism of the men who are now triumphant in Egypt. ARABY BEY was concisely described as a narrow-minded, presumptuous, ignorant fanatic. The language which Sir WILLIAM GREGORY listened to with profound admiration, so far as he could understand it, as revealing the mind of a philosopher and patriot, was to M. DE BLIGNIÈRES only the language of a man who had learnt by rote some aphorisms current in 1879, and aired them in and out of season; and it was, in the opinion of M. DE BLIGNIÈRES, a grievous blunder on the part of Baron DE RING, the French Consul-General at the time, to have taken ARABY BEY seriously when he first began his career of mutiny. All this is entertaining, but it is scarcely novel, as M. DE BLIGNIÈRES only judges ARABY as most Europeans who really know his history and character have judged him. What is more new is that, if M. DE BLIGNIÈRES is right, ARABY is principally actuated by the feelings of an honest and zealous Mussulman, and would like to drive out of Egypt all Christians, not merely European Christians, but also the Copts, who are more truly Egyptian than most Egyptians, and might be supposed to have some interest in the success of a national party. Further, M. DE BLIGNIÈRES is convinced—and the conviction of so keen a judge cannot be slighted—that ARABY and his comrades are really the puppets of intriguers, working in the personal interest of ISMAIL or HALIM, and in the general interest of those who want to see the good old times come back, and oppression, peculation, and bribery flourish as they used to do.

It seems at first almost incredible that any one should regard it as a possible end of the present situation in Egypt that not only should ISMAIL's kind of government be restored, but that ISMAIL himself should go back and preside over the revival of the system which he once carried to such great perfection. That he should have been deposed for bad government, and should be restored in order to govern as badly as he used to govern, would be one of those odd turns of fortune which show that there is no cause of which those who bring patience, audacity, and money to its support need despair. Wild, however, as the dream of ISMAIL's restoration may seem, there are signs of its possibility which are not undeserving of notice. Numerous rumours have reached England that ISMAIL is working very hard and spending money freely in order to get an appeal for his restoration made by Egypt itself. HALIM may be competing with him; and M. DE BLIGNIÈRES is sure that either ISMAIL or HALIM is pulling the strings of the leaders of the party which is striving to restore a really national, oppressive, peculating kind of government. When the mutineers told the unfortunate TEWFIK that they had his successor ready, they must have meant that either ISMAIL or HALIM was to succeed him, and that the Porte was at the bottom of the change. M. DE BLIGNIÈRES had no doubt that the real and ultimate wirepulling was done at Constantinople, and lately, unless many consistent reports are wholly unfounded, the SULTAN has begun to smile on the ex-Khedive. For some time they were at daggers drawn, the SULTAN refusing ISMAIL permission to reside in any part of the Turkish dominions, and ISMAIL loudly proclaiming that the SULTAN had forfeited the Caliphate by condemning a good Mussulman to live in the land of the Infidel. Now it is the SULTAN who entreats ISMAIL to come to live in splendour at Constantinople, and it is ISMAIL who sternly refuses, partly perhaps because he fears to place his person in his loving master's power, and partly because he calculates that the longer he holds out the better terms he will get. It is ominous, too, that reports have been started in Egypt that TEWFIK may soon abdicate; and, although these reports were only started to be contradicted, they may have expressed the opinions of those who think, not only that TEWFIK cannot

last, but that he would rather resign in favour of his own father than of any one else. It must also be conceded that no one is better fitted to put down anarchy than ISMAIL, and that it is safe to reckon on his hanging or shooting or otherwise suppressing all those who helped to restore him. Nevertheless, although it may be really dreamt, the dream of ISMAIL's restoration seems a perfectly idle one. To restore him by the mere fiat of the SULTAN, without the concurrence of England and France, would be an open defiance of the Western Powers which they could not possibly overlook. To obtain their concurrence is out of the question. They could not accept the disgrace of owning that all their policy had been futile and all their grand protestations of deep interest in the good government of Egypt had been a mockery. The Porte, or rather the SULTAN, is always weaving fanciful schemes which seem bright and beautiful so long as no one opposes them. At the first touch of firm, decided opposition they collapse; the house of cards falls down, and its builder sets to work with unexhausted energy to build another.

CATHOLICS AND LIBERALS IN BELGIUM.

M. DE LAVELEYE's article in the new number of the *Contemporary Review* gives an interesting picture of the Belgian phase of the great struggle which is now going on over the whole of Catholic Europe. In England, the conflict which is variously described as one between religion and science, religion and free thought, and religion and atheism, has not yet extended to the field of politics. There are Conservative and Liberal Churchmen, and an entire emancipation from religious belief is quite consistent with reactionary opinions in secular matters. But on the Continent any such mingling of supposed opposites is extremely rare, and is seldom viewed with any favour by either side. M. TAINÉ's terrible exposure of the French Revolution has obtained something like condonation for his religious imperfections even from Ultramontanes; but M. RENAN's political Conservatism has not gained him similar favour, and M. LITTRÉ's consistent advocacy of leaving the Church as free as her adversaries would probably not have won him a single compliment if he had not supplemented it by a death-bed conversion. In Belgium, the strife, though really far less intense than it is in France, is more conspicuous than in other Catholic countries because it determines the party names. In France there are Republicans, Legitimists, and Bonapartists. In Italy only the Liberals take any active part in politics, and the party titles do but answer to shades of difference between one section of the Left and another. But in Belgium, where party distinctions are extraordinarily acute, the only names that are ever heard of are Catholics and Liberals. Religious questions enter into every controversy and every election. In Belgium, says M. DE LAVELEYE, parties "are separated by no material, but by spiritual, interests. The Liberals defend liberty, which they consider menaced by the aims of the Church. The Catholics defend religion, which they look upon as threatened by their adversaries' doctrines." Unfortunately, both parties have reason for their dread of one another. Ultramontanism is nowhere so powerful as it is in Belgium. It has led the bishops to go to the very verge of open disobedience in their relations with the Holy See. In the dispute about the Education law of 1879 the POPE has constantly counselled moderation; but, though he has been able to check some of the most extreme measures which the clergy at first resorted to against the new "godless" schools, it is only when these measures have been very extreme indeed that he has been successful. LEO XIII. is not, indeed, without sympathizers, even among Belgian Catholics; but they are chiefly to be found among the laity. They are politicians and members of Parliament, and, but for the support they receive from the Vatican, they would be quite unable to hold their own against the clergy. Even with this support, they are powerless, or nearly so, to influence the clergy. The "Opportunists," as the Ultramontanes call them, are in as bad odour with the bishops and the bishops' party as with the Liberals. A political catechism has recently been published, with the approbation of the Bishop of NAMUR, in which the Belgian and all other Constitutions are described as a "necessary convention" between the Church and its

enemies, but as not the less a "permanent danger." This catechism was condemned in the strongest terms by the organ of the Opportunist Catholics, the *Journal de Bruxelles*; but, though the *Journal de Bruxelles* thereby earned the hatred of the clergy, the dislike in which it is held by Liberals was not—as readers of the *Indépendance Belge* may see for themselves almost every day—in the very least abated. It is in vain that it tells the Ultramontanes that such writings justify all the apprehensions of the Liberals. The Ultramontanes do not trouble themselves to listen, and even so fair a Liberal as M. DE LAVELEYE only says that "the language of this periodical must be merely a question of tactics."

The reason why M. DE LAVELEYE has only this less than grudging praise to offer to the Parliamentary Catholics is that an honest acceptance of the Belgian Constitution is in his opinion incompatible with an honest acquiescence in the Syllabus of PIUS IX. It is unwise, however, for Liberals of the school of M. DE LAVELEYE to lay stress upon this incompatibility. The only way in which authoritative utterances of this unhappy kind can be got over is by allowing those who hold themselves bound to accept them to reduce their meaning to a minimum. The religious partisan will, of course, resist this process, because he will hope that, if Catholics can be driven to take the Syllabus in its strongest sense, they may in the end cease to be Catholics. But the politician who has to defend constitutional liberty in a Catholic country will justly distrust this method. Nor is M. DE LAVELEYE entirely fair to the Syllabus. As commonly happens when the writings of men accustomed to the nice use of language are read by men accustomed only to its popular use, the condemnations which PIUS IX. permitted himself to use so freely do not cover the whole ground which is commonly attributed to them. It is possible, for example, to curse liberty of conscience in a purely theological sense without necessarily implying that its exercise should be interfered with by the State. A man who believes one and only one religion to be true cannot admit that any man is at liberty to choose another religion, just as a man who believes that adultery is wrong cannot admit that any man is at liberty to run off with his neighbour's wife. But as the condemnation of this latter "liberty" does not commit its author to the theory that adultery ought to be made a criminal offence, so the condemnation of the former liberty need not commit its author to the theory that men ought to be hindered by law from holding any religion they please. M. DE LAVELEYE has more reason on his side when he argues that, as the Liberal Catholics owe their seats in Parliament to the bishops, they cannot be trusted to oppose them. Inasmuch, however, as it should be the wish of every rational Liberal to see the numbers of the Liberal Catholics increased, it is hard to see how anything can be gained by arguing that, as the Opportunists have no chance of beating the Ultramontanes, they had better give up trying to beat them. M. DE LAVELEYE admits that "Rome at the present time is inclined to lean towards Liberal Catholicism"; and, as between one party among Catholics and another, the Pope is not an ally to be despised.

It is not at all easy to say what effect the present state of affairs in France will eventually have upon the Belgian clergy. On the one hand, they may argue that they have very good cause to be thankful that they have to do with Belgian Liberals and not with French Republicans. Compared with the Education law which has just been accepted by the French Senate, the Belgian law of 1879 is mildness itself. The ministers of the various denominations are permitted to give religious instruction in the school building, provided that it is not given in the regular school hours; and the lay teachers are only charged with the giving of secular instruction. In France the priest is forbidden to enter the school building at any time or for any purpose, and the lay teacher is bound to give instruction in morality, an obligation which may easily be made to cover direct attacks upon religion. Nor will the communal schools in France be under the check of competition as they are in Belgium. In something like two-thirds of the French villages there is only the communal school, whereas the smallest Belgian village now possesses a Church school as well as a communal school. The existence of an alternative school will naturally make the authorities very careful not to give parents any cause for taking away their children from the communal school. Even the Senator who avowed the other day

that he valued the French Education Bill because he was an atheist would probably have kept his enthusiasm to himself if he had known that every French parent would have a Church school within reach to which he could send his children if he disliked or distrusted the reading given in the communal school. It is possible, therefore, that the Belgian clergy, seeing how much better off they are than their brethren in France, may come to think somewhat less harshly of the Government and the Constitution under which they enjoy at least a comparative immunity from attack. On the other hand, it is equally possible that they will read in the hostility towards religion which has recently characterized French administration and legislation, a warning of what Liberalism will come to in Belgium if it gains the same supremacy there that it has already gained in France. They have considerable excuse for taking this view in the language of the Liberal press, and in the contempt and dislike which uniformly characterize all its references to the Church or to religion. As the Belgian Constitution stands, however, it is impossible for the Liberal party to make their hostility effective; and, if the clergy were wise, they would remember this, and rest content with the liberties they already enjoy. Parties are so equally balanced in Belgium that any imprudence committed by one is sure at once to add strength to the other; and an attempt on the part of the Catholics to stamp out their adversaries would almost certainly expose them to a far more complete overthrow than is possible under the existing institutions of the country. Had PIUS IX. been still alive, the moderate party among the Catholics would have had no chance of holding their own against the Ultramontanes. Their prospects are undoubtedly better now that they have on their side the support of LEO XIII. and the gradual tendency of the clergy as time goes on to find themselves in harmony with the views of the reigning Pope.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for the present month contains what is probably a novelty in the history of magazines and reviews—a formal protest against the Channel Tunnel, drawn up in concise language, to the effect that the undersigned have had their attention drawn to certain proposals of commercial Companies to join England to the Continent by a railroad; that they are convinced that, precautions notwithstanding, such a railroad means additional danger; and that they therefore protest against it. The sixty names which follow are merely intended as a first instalment, and they are certainly a remarkable list. Ornamental signatures, as they are called, are conspicuously absent; and though there is little doubt that the names of a very large number of peers and other titled persons might have been obtained at once had the intention been merely to impress the vulgar, the proportion of such names is rather small than otherwise. The prominence of one political complexion is equally absent. It is the contention of the advocates of the Channel Tunnel—a contention which is almost the only attempt at argument which they have made—that their opponents are a pack of reactionaries and obscurantists, who are frightened at what is new, cling desperately to a policy of isolation and seclusion, and are, in fact, half stupid and half timid old women. Among this small sample of the ignorant and stupid reactionaries and obscurantists figure Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Mr. BURT (a Tory aristocrat to the backbone), Mr. GEORGE HOWARD (the sworn foe of culture, cosmopolitanism, and the Continent), Professor HUXLEY, Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH (all orthodox old women), Mr. GEORGE HOLYOAKE (a fanatical believer in all institutions that exist), and other names of the same kind. Another argument of the Tunnellites is that military and naval men laugh at the notion of there being danger in a tunnel. As Mr. KNOWLES reminds us, official etiquette forbids the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, and Sir ASTLEY COOPER KEY, the chief professional member of the Admiralty, from asserting their known opinions. But, not to mention Lord DUNSANY, Sir JOHN HAY, Sir LINTON SIMMONS (an authority on engineering perhaps equal to Colonel BEAUMONT), General HAMLEY, Sir HENRY HAVELOCK ALLAN, Admiral HORNEY, and others appear here as representing the two services. Such names as those of Mr. TENNYSON, Mr. BROWNING,

Cardinal MANNING, Sir JAMES PAGET, and others, need less mention, because they may be thought not of themselves to traverse any contention of the promoters of this mischievous project, as do those just mentioned. But they are emphatically representative names, representative of the brains, if not of the political or professional *expertise*, of the country. Indeed it would not be easy to get another list of fifty or sixty names together, even if the entire population were sifted, more significant than this.

It may be thought that, in face of the hopeless argumentative defeat and prostration of the advocates of the Tunnel, such a measure as this is unnecessary. For it is not a case here of *Quis vituperavit?* but of *Quis defendit?* Despite the great material interests involved, and the eager and (if report may be credited) far from scrupulous efforts made by the promoters to further the scheme, not one single literary champion, not merely of eminence, but of any value whatever, has been secured for the Tunnel. Its advocates have been reduced to abuse, to insinuations of interested motives—which, considering the circumstances of the case, are supremely ludicrous—to fantastic shifts like that of Colonel BEAUMONT as to the suspicions of the booking clerks. But it must be remembered that private Bills are not got through Parliament, or turned out of Parliament, by argument. They are got through by persistent effort, by adroit and unscrupulous lobbying, by hole and corner processes of every conceivable kind. Indeed it is scarcely cynical to say that almost the only protection which public interests have against private in these cases is that private interests generally conflict—that Greek meets Greek. There is something of this in the present case; but it is by no means certain that there is enough of it to confer security. Hitherto, perhaps owing to official etiquette, perhaps owing to other causes, leading politicians on both sides have been very loth to express any opinion on the matter. Sir RICHARD CROSS, whose name, very much to his credit, figures here (thereby sufficiently disproving the allegation that the late Government gave anything more than the usual diplomatic assent to a project yet in the air), is the first, or almost the first, to give any sign. The inquiries which have been going on have been closed to the public, have been for the most part of a departmental character only, and have not, to speak openly, been of a character either very fully to represent, or very frankly to satisfy, public opinion. Irregular methods of procedure, and the appeal as far as may decently be *ad populum*, are therefore the only methods left to be used against the vast powers of direct and indirect persuasion which acute commercial projectors know how to bring to bear in favour of their projects.

There are, it is believed, some people who, not having taken the trouble to follow the very full discussions of the details of the subject which have been given in the daily newspapers and the monthly reviews, are unable to appreciate the objections to the Tunnel. What can be more disadvantageous, they ask, for military operations than a twenty miles' boring under the sea? The answer is, "For opposed military operations, nothing." It may be observed that, even if the best be made of the Tunnel, two of its bad consequences—increased military expenditure and constant panics—are unavoidable. The first is admitted; the second has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of refutation. But the actual danger of the Tunnel being forced in open and honourable warfare, and in spite of opposition, is, it may be said, non-existent. Let it be granted. The opponents of the Tunnel have never said that it was great, or even that it was anything but insignificant. But they have said that against, in the first place, a treacherous surprise in time of peace; in the second, a successful *coup de main* in time of war, no precautions that can be taken can ever be wholly and certainly sufficient. The mechanical means of destroying the Tunnel may be easy to devise; the possibility of enveloping its shore end in such a *feu d'enfer* that nothing could come out of it alive, may be perfect. But nothing will ever certainly guard against, first, surreptitious seizure by disguised passengers; secondly, surreptitious seizure of the shore end in the same way from the land or seaward; thirdly, the capture of Dover by a *coup de main*; fourthly, the failure of the means used to destroy the Tunnel; fifthly, irresolution, misjudgment, and laches of one kind or another on the part of the persons charged with applying those means. Lastly, and above all this, the enormous additional significance which the Tunnel would give to that invasion of England by ordinary means, which no expert re-

gards as impossible, by its support to the invader in the process of conquest, and still greater support in securing his conquest when it was made, has to be taken into account. Against all this the opponents of the Tunnel have patiently, and in vain, asked for something to set besides immunity from sea-sickness and the possibility of talking rhetorical nonsense about the brotherhood of the peoples (as per sample on the Continent at the present moment). When a branch line ten miles long is started from Little Pedlington to Great Muffborough, we have laid before us the most elaborate calculations of the amount of traffic which may be expected, the particular industries which will be benefited, the estimated profits, &c. Here we have absolutely nothing of the kind. That English workmen do not see their account in the scheme appears from the presence in this short list, not merely of Mr. BURT, but of Mr. GEORGE HOWELL. That the solid moneyed interest is not enthusiastic on the subject is testified by the presence there of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and of the Governor of the Bank of England. These significant protests are not matched by any corresponding advocacy. Nothing has been heard of any enthusiasm for a Channel Tunnel in the great seats of industry and commerce, or in the producing or in the manufacturing districts. Except the persons immediately and pecuniarily interested, it is impossible to find any one who will give it a good word; and against those who give it a bad word it is impossible to discover the least suspicion of pecuniary interest on the other side. The impudent imputation of stupidity and hatred of progress has been sufficiently refuted, if, indeed, it needed refuting, by this long list of the *Nineteenth Century*. But it is very much to be hoped that all men of eminence, no matter of what variety their eminence may be, will strengthen Mr. KNOWLES's contingent.

THE ITALIAN BUDGET.

THE financial statement which Signor MAGLIANI has made to the Italian Chamber of Deputies shows how difficult it is to keep down the material progress of any country to which nature has been kind. The connexion between policy and prosperity, which even Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not disdain to preach, cannot well be invoked here. Italy has, it is true, enjoyed for some time past the blessing of a Liberal Government. But it is a Liberal Government of a very undesirable kind. The different sections of the Left seldom have any feeling in common, except hatred to the actual Cabinet, and they rarely agree to act together except on occasion of a vote of want of confidence. A large part of the Italian people take no part whatever in politics, and there is a quarrel which, if it seldom becomes acute, is never entirely laid aside, between the Church and the Government. It is admitted that the condition of the labouring population is, in many parts of the country, exceedingly wretched, and even a passing traveller can see how much poverty there usually is in the Italian towns. Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, the Finance Minister has a very gratifying tale to tell. There is at last something more than an equilibrium between the two sides of the balance-sheet. The deficit, which was at one time a regular feature in every Italian budget, has made way for a considerable surplus. Last year, at this time, the Minister estimated that the receipts would exceed the expenditure by 8 million francs. The demands made by Parliament upon the Treasury were afterwards increased, and the expected surplus was consequently reduced to 4½ million francs. The actual surplus, however, was far in excess even of the higher of these two estimates. The accounts for the year show that the national income has exceeded the national outlay by 49 million francs. If 10 millions more had not been voted for the supply of the year after the issue of the corrected estimate, the surplus would have been that much larger. Of this 49 millions, 6 millions were due to savings effected on the estimated outlay, and 32 millions to increased productiveness in the taxes. This latter gain, following as it does upon a similar gain of 21 millions in the preceding year, shows that the principle on which all profitable reduction of taxation is founded has at length been discovered. The surplus has been mainly devoted to the reduction of the floating debt. Signor MAGLIANI puts the surplus for the present year at 21½ millions; but, like its predecessor, this has already been reduced by the additional expenditure voted since the estimate was drawn up. It is certainly

unfortunate that the Italian Government cannot so arrange its business as to know how much it is going to ask for in the way of supply before the Finance Minister has to make his calculations of ways and means. The present system gives a sense of unreal prosperity. The estimated surplus for 1882 is really only 7 millions; but, by reckoning it before the expenditure for the year was finally settled, it is made to appear 21½ millions. The real excess of income over expenditure is the sum which remains after all the outlay sanctioned by Parliament has been provided for, and it would be just as reasonable to calculate the surplus before any estimates have been presented as to calculate it before all the estimates have been presented. Unforeseen necessities must of course be provided for as they occur; but in time of peace abroad, and tranquillity at home, there ought to be no unforeseen necessities.

The end for which these extraordinary sums have been voted is not one that excuses any want of accuracy or completeness in a Minister's calculations. Nearly the whole of the additional expenditure which has cut down the estimated surplus of 1882 has gone upon war preparations. It is not for Englishmen, who are notoriously careless in this respect, to censure another nation for being over-sensitive to danger. But it is hard to believe that Italy maintains her enormous military establishment—for, though there are only 166,000 men actually with the colours, the whole army, when on a war footing, numbers nearly a million and three-quarters—only to defend herself against attack. There is at this moment no Power in Europe so little exposed to danger of this kind as Italy. There is abundance of internal discord, no doubt; but it is not such discord as can be put down by a great array of troops. As regards her neighbours, she is for the time absolutely secure. France may intrigue against Italian interests in North Africa, but she has not the slightest intention of sending her troops across the Alps. Austria would not take at a gift the Italian provinces she once valued so highly, and when there is no prize to be fought for, we may be quite sure that there will be no fighting. Prince BISMARCK might not be unwilling to do the POPE a good turn at the expense of Italy, if an opportunity offered; but he will certainly not repeat the experiment which NAPOLEON III. found so profitless. Under these circumstances the passion shown by the Italians for an increased military expenditure can only be accounted for in one way. They are anxious to be ready to make their own any good thing which fortune may throw in their way. To join in a war with which they are not concerned, on the chance of being admitted to share in the division of the spoil, is the Italian expedient for making themselves a great nation. They do not like the slow, or at all events uninteresting, process of becoming a great nation by lapse of time and by the steady growth of internal prosperity. Diminished taxation, diminished suffering, and diminished discontent are the three points upon which the welfare of Italy depends; and the less her people suffer themselves to be led away by the follies of an *Italia Irredenta* agitation, the more likely are these three benefits to be realized. There is quite as much of Italy redeemed already as the Italian nation is able to manage. It is true the Italian Government has taken no part in this agitation; but the recent war expenditure has encouraged in the people a way of looking at things which naturally ministers to its extension. If they had let it be clearly understood that, as Italy had nothing to gain by attacking her neighbours, and no reason to fear being attacked by her neighbours, there was no need to spend any more money than ordinary upon war preparations, Signor MAGLIANI would have had a larger surplus to deal with this year, and he or his successor would have a still pleasanter story to tell in years to come.

Even as it is, however, the prospects of Italian finance are decidedly good. The trade returns for 1881 showed an excess, taking exports and imports together, of more than 100 millions of francs, the increase being pretty equally distributed between exports and imports. Signor MAGLIANI is confident that, if this progress sustains no unforeseen check, the two objects which an Italian Finance Minister must first put before himself will be accomplished in the course of the next two years. The forced paper currency will be completely got rid of, and the Grist-tax will be abolished. It is difficult to overrate the benefit which the country will derive from the removal of these two burdens. English travellers used to feel a momentary rush of wealth when they received

from twenty-seven to twenty-nine francs in return for their sovereign; but the difference in the exchange became serious when it was extended to every business transaction. The Grist-tax has pretty well every fault that an impost can have, and it may claim its full share in the poverty which is so prevalent over a large part of the country. But, as Signor MAGLIANI was obliged to remind the Chamber, the accomplishment of these important ends must be determined by the extent to which the military expenditure is confined within the limits already laid down. The Minister of War must not ask for more than the 200 millions yearly which form the ordinary expenditure of his department, together with the additional 324 millions which is to be spread over the years from 1880 to 1885. Upon this condition, and upon this only, the financial prosperity of Italy may be taken as assured. There has seldom been a case in which the policy to be pursued by a nation has been more plainly marked out by the figures of the annual Budget.

FAIR-TRADE.

ON the Friday of last week the Fair-traders had the outing to which they had long been looking forward with pride and pleasure. They were allowed to unbosom the whole of their minds, to array all their facts and figures, to air their best arguments, and to state exactly what were the objects at which they were aiming. And not only were they represented fully, they were also represented well. Mr. RITCHIE, Mr. STAVELY HILL, and Mr. ECROYD had devoted immense trouble, and no inconsiderable amount of reflection, to getting up and stating their case. The discussion of Fair-trade was at least not a sham, and it very much added to the interest of the discussion that the Fair-traders were refuted by speakers so different from each other, and yet so capable, as Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. What Mr. RITCHIE asked for was an inquiry into the connexion between the recent or present depression in trade and the high tariffs of foreign countries, with the object of ascertaining whether, by legislation or otherwise, the evil effects of these high tariffs could not be removed or mitigated. Mr. RITCHIE did not ask for an inquiry merely. What he wanted was an inquiry to show that England ought to adopt a new financial policy. Even if he had wanted a mere inquiry into the extent and causes of the recent depression of trade, the subject was one far too difficult, too complicated, and too fertile in contested points for a Select Committee to have properly handled. That over-speculation and bad harvests were two of the determining causes of depression no one thinks of disputing. But when we once get into the region of debatable causes, or into that of facts which may be interpreted in many ways, a Select Committee could do nothing to help us. One of these debatable causes was mentioned by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, who repeated the familiar statement that the depression was aggravated by the warlike policy of the late Government. The friends of the late Government contend that the imminent danger of a European war, which, if it had broken out, would have immensely aggravated the depression, was averted by a policy of firmness. On such a point a Select Committee could contribute no opinion and no information worth having. No assumption, again, is more contested than that our exports have in recent years really equalled our imports, because, although they seem below them, freight in English ships and the interest of English money invested abroad have restored the balance. Mr. RITCHIE went into some very subtle calculations to show that the gain to England from her carrying trade was very much exaggerated; and if he did not prove his point, he certainly proved that the points to be settled—such as whether the outward and homeward voyage ought both to be taken into the calculation—are far too delicate and theoretic to be settled by a Select Committee. The inquiry as an inquiry would have been futile; but it was really merely a handle for the ventilation of the doctrines of those who asked for it. It is what the Fair-traders wanted that is worth noticing, and it must be said in their favour that they did not want little things. They did not exactly agree as to what they wanted, but they all wanted very great changes in the financial policy of the country.

Mr. RITCHIE and Mr. ECROYD wished for a ten per cent. duty on finished articles of foreign manufacture, partly on

account of the revenue the duty would bring in, but principally as a means of forcing foreign nations to lower their tariffs. Mr. STAVELY HILL wished for a permanent duty of ten per cent. on foreign manufactured articles, in order to give permanent protection to English manufacturers. Mr. RITCHIE touched lightly on the subject of a renewed duty on corn; Mr. STAVELY HILL repudiated such a duty as wrong altogether; while Mr. ECROYD wanted a five-shilling duty on all imported corn not coming from a British colony, partly to encourage the colonies, and partly because all protection raises wages, raises the working classes, and encourages the investment of capital. When, thirty years after the death of Sir ROBERT PEEL, men are found, like Mr. ECROYD, to argue seriously that Protection raises wages and attracts capital, or, like Mr. STAVELY HILL, that English manufacturers require Protection because they are subjected to exceptional burdens through the sanitary legislation that has been forced on them, there is no reply to them that is worth making. They have not learnt the alphabet of Free-trade, and it is futile to be always giving elementary instruction to beginners. What is comparatively speaking new in the suggestion of these modern Protectionists, and is worthy of that amount of attention which anything not wholly worn out commands, is the advocacy of retaliatory duties and the advocacy of a duty on corn for the encouragement of the colonies. The collapse of the negotiations for a commercial treaty with France has lately brought into prominence the expediency of instituting a system of retaliatory duties. Mr. RITCHIE said that there is nothing contrary to Free-trade in retaliatory duties, and this is quite true if the retaliatory duties are only imposed on articles which are not produced at home, and which are not the raw materials of English manufactures. The difficulty is to find any articles which come from abroad and are not one or the other. French wine is, however, one example, and perhaps a solitary example, of an article not produced here, not a raw material coming from a country the tariffs of which we wish to influence, and imported in sufficient quantity to make France feel what England was doing by imposing a heavy duty on it. Whether by singling out French wine, and putting on it a duty hostile to France and favourable to other wine-growing countries, we should be more likely to frighten the French into a general reduction of tariffs, or to wound their feelings and harden them in Protection, is a political question in which political economy alone cannot guide us. In the region of political economy, however, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN opened a line of thought which, if it can be justified, cuts at the root, not only of retaliatory duties and treaties of commerce, except as stimulants to political amity, but of all complaints of high foreign tariffs. He contended that high foreign tariffs are not a loss, but a positive gain, to England. Every nation that adopts high tariffs shuts itself out from competition with England in the export trade of the world. If, he said, the United States adopted Free-trade, we should gain access to the American market, but we should lose the advantage we now possess of having the United States excluded from competition with us in our export trade. France has done us a kindness, not an injury, by crippling her power of competing with us; and our negotiators really did a smart and patriotic thing by so managing matters that the French insisted on retaining the high duties which cleared them as rivals out of our way.

The aim of encouraging our colonies by putting a duty on corn imported from foreign countries is exclusively a political one. The mother-country is to go through a great pecuniary loss and run a great pecuniary risk in order to bind our colonies to us politically. We are, in plain words, to pay the colonies for being fond of us, and we are to pay heavily. Our colonies could not supply us with anything like the quantity of food we require. What we imported from foreign countries would necessarily rule the market, and we should pay five shillings a quarter all round. This would bring with it all the evil consequences of Protection—money out of pocket to the nation, privation to individuals, and, what is even more important, general diminution of our power to outstrip all competitors as exporters. Those who believe that it is worth while to go through so very much to gain a great and glorious end try to persuade themselves that our burden would be but temporary. The colonies would in the course of time supply us with all the food we require. They are now, we will suppose, able to send us wheat to be sold at 40s. a quarter leaving a

fair profit. For a while they would get a bonus of 5s. under the new system; but in time they would give us all we want, and then internal competition would begin to reduce the price, colonial growers would come back to the normal profit which 40s. gives them, and we should be where we should have been all the time had it not been for the duty. Our term of suffering and loss would be over, and we should once more have cheap food, while we should for ever have grateful dependencies. It is not, however, to be assumed that anything like this would happen. The bonus of 5s. we gave our colonies would be distributed in a hundred channels. Land would be sold at a higher price, labour would be more expensive, freight would be higher. The colonial wheat-grower would soon have to be content with as little profit with wheat at 45s. as he was content with when he got only 40s. He would have been trained to produce wheat at a selling price of 45s., and he would accommodate himself to the thought that this was the proper price for him to get. Ultimately, no doubt, one colonist would try to underbid another. Some enterprising man would try to make a fortune by selling wheat in England at 44s., and he might succeed; but he would only succeed by triumphing over his neighbours who had been nursed in the calculation that wheat was to be always 45s. They would feel sore not so much with their rival as with the mother-country that had trained them in an artificial system. Human nature is the same all the world over, and those who once take to bribing others into affection are sure to find that directly those who are bribed get less than they have been taught to expect is coming to them, gratitude is turned into indignation. It may be added, too, that by limiting the sources of our supply, and abandoning our advantage of inducing every great food-producing country to contribute something to our wants, we should most seriously increase the risk of finding our supplies short in time of war. Thus, after going through years of dearer food, crippled exports, and short supplies in war-time, we might find ourselves exposed to the reproaches of grumbling and disaffected colonies. The game of Fair-trade is hardly worth so expensive a candle.

DOCTORS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASE.

A LETTER from Dr. ALFRED CARPENTER, which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday last, calls attention to sundry Bills now before Parliament which have as their common end the better suppression of infectious disease. As to the excellence of this object there can, of course, be no question. There is nothing in which the community has a more obvious interest than the diminution of avoidable mortality. All legislation is directed, at least in theory, to the promotion of the general well-being, and, as we must be before we can be well, laws which try to keep us alive are the foundation of all others. The only kind of mortality upon which Parliament can hope to exert any immediate influence is mortality from infectious disease. Deaths caused by other forms of disease, or by accident, or by insufficient food, are usually beyond the reach of any statute. But the whole range of infectious disease lies within reach of legislation, if the community and individuals will submit to the necessary sacrifices. Good drainage, pure water, and complete isolation of patients suffering from diseases which they can communicate to others are attainable benefits. They may cost money and impose inconvenience, but at that price they are to be had. Although, however, the object which these Bills have in view is an excellent one, the means by which it is proposed to attain it are—at all events, in one instance—open to a great deal of criticism. A Roman Catholic writer once incurred some obloquy among his fellow-believers by the remark that a certain saint had been a bad judge of human nature. The same thing may be said, with perhaps the same consequences, of a great many sanitary reformers. No class of men seem to be less alive to the fact that they have to deal with human beings, and not with bundles of statistics clothed in human form. The machinery they devise would be excellent if it were not for the friction generated in all directions at each revolution of the wheels. The paradise of the sanitary reformer is a world in which everybody who is not an Inspector is inspected, and Inspector and inspected are alike in love with their condition. Unfortunately, this

is an Eden from which man has long been driven out, and to which, as yet, he shows no disposition to return.

A provision has been inserted in one or more of these Bills for the better prevention of infectious disease which displays the sanitary reformer mounted on his best-beloved hobby and armed at all points for the fight. No matter how perfect a system of official inspection may be, there are parts of every man's life which are not subject to it. The sanitary reformer would like to see the Inspector gifted with the powers that belong to omniscience. He should be about the path and about the bed, and should spy out all the ways, of every man, woman, and child in his district. Until, however, he can become invisible and ubiquitous, it is useless to hope that this high standard of excellence can be reached; but it has occurred to some one that in the interval much may be done by imposing the duty of inspection upon non-official persons. In a former age the clergy would have been the persons applied to. When a man fell ill his first thought would be to send for a priest; and what would have been easier than to make it the priest's duty to inform the Sanitary Inspector on his way home of the nature of the penitent's complaint? In this time and country, however, the doctor is clearly a more useful instrument. It has been profanely said that Englishmen are a doctor-ridden race; and, at all events, they can usually be trusted to send for a doctor as soon as the need arises. Here, therefore, are the conditions of which the sanitary reformer is in search, arranged in the happiest possible combination. There is the infectious disease in the patient; there is the knowledge of what it is in the doctor; there is the power to communicate this knowledge—also in the doctor. All that is wanted is to make it the doctor's duty to communicate it, and he at once becomes an Inspector. What is better still, he becomes an unpaid Inspector, and thus one difficulty which stands in the way of the full development of the system is surmounted. The Treasury is not always sufficiently alive to the importance of finding money from which the salaries of additional Inspectors may be drawn; and more than one promising scheme has probably come to nothing under an unsympathizing Minute from Sir RALPH LINGEN. But, if the doctor can be turned into an Inspector, there will be no need to go to the Treasury. We shall get our infectious diseases examined and reported for nothing. Whenever any one is ill enough to need medical treatment, the sanitary authorities will be sure of hearing all about the case at once.

We come back to our original contention that sanitary reformers are bad judges of human nature. They assume that mankind will go on doing, in the certain prospect of unpleasant consequences, what they do when these consequences are not in view. At present, the worst thing in the way of expense that can happen to a man who calls in a doctor is that he will have to pay his bill. No doubt that is an unpleasant consequence; but it is one which is commonly outweighed by the reflection that to do without a doctor will cost more in the end. But, if to the cost of the doctor's visits are added the many and often incalculable expenses which will follow if the nature of the disease is published, the argument in favour of doing without his help may become irresistible. Shopkeepers, for example, may fear that, if a child is known to be ill of scarlet fever, they will lose all their customers. Workmen may fear that their employers will tell them to keep away so long as the danger of infection lasts, and that when they go back, they will find that their places have been filled up. It may be said that these are precisely the feelings which prevent infectious diseases from being stamped out, and consequently that they are feelings that have no claim upon our consideration. But the question here is, not whether they have a claim upon us, but whether, if they are disregarded in the particular way in which it is now proposed to disregard them, the community will not in the long run be a sufferer. If the person to be used as an Inspector were not the doctor, it might fairly be argued that the community would be no worse off under the new law than it already is under the existing law. Numbers of cases of infectious disease go unreported now, and they can but go unreported when the law is altered. But, if this duty is thrown upon the doctor, and the doctor is in consequence very much more rarely called in, the community will sustain a very serious injury. The percentage of unreported cases may remain much what it is now, but the mischief done by the unreported cases will be very much greater. When a doctor is in attendance upon a case of scarlet fever, he may

find it impossible to bring those who will suffer by its becoming known to give notice to the sanitary authorities. But he can do a great deal to make the intervention of the sanitary authorities superfluous. He can advise, and even insist, that this or that precaution shall be taken, and he can thus greatly lessen the probability that the disease will be communicated to other people. Supposing that he had not been called in, not one of these things would have been done. Those who have the care of the patient would have known nothing about isolation or disinfection, and they would have had no one to whom to turn for information. If the doctor is charged with the duty of making the nature of the disease public, it will at once become the interest of those who suspect that they have a case of infectious disease in their house not to send for him. All the motives which have hitherto stood in the way of their giving notice of the fact themselves will stand in the way of their calling in a person whose business it will be to give notice of it. As long as the case does not seem to be dangerous, they will deal with it according to their own lights. As, however, a slight case of disease may be as infectious as a severe one, the mischief done by these home-cured patients may be enormous, and, what is most to the purpose, it will be mischief which might have been largely avoided if a doctor had been in attendance. All, therefore, that this process of turning doctors into Inspectors will do for the community will be to withdraw a large number of cases from that partial and informal, but far from useless, inspection to which they are now subjected. There will be some sanitary reformers to whom this will appear a trifling objection. Provided that the number of Inspectors can be increased, they will be quite content that the number of cases inspected shall be reduced. It is to be hoped that Parliament will not be led astray by so very obvious an absurdity.

MR. LONGFELLOW.

THE death of Mr. Longfellow has made a gap, not only in American literature, but in all literature of which the English language is the vehicle. Mr. Longfellow was easily first amongst his own countrymen as a poet, and, in certain directions, as a prose writer; but he was also a good deal more than this. There has been a tendency to doubt whether he was entitled to a place in the first rank of poets; and the doubt, although we are not disposed to think it well founded, is perhaps intelligible. Some of the qualities which gave his verse its charm and its very wide popularity and influence also worked, not to perplex—for the essence of his style was simplicity—but perhaps to vex, the critical mind. There is no need to dwell now upon various pieces of verse by Mr. Longfellow, which no doubt owed much of their fame to qualities that were less prominent in some of his productions which perhaps were, not unnaturally, less popular. On this matter there is an amusing note in Mr. Walter Besant's *French Humourists* as to the power of the commonplace over the mind of the general reader:—

People like best to read something just a little above their ordinary stratum of thought. Hence you get a sort of pyramid of popularity, at the base of which is Tupper. Next to him comes A. K. H. B. As you go higher up, you pass Carlyle, Helps, Emerson—a crowd of dignified names. Very few people, if they reach the top, care to remain long in an atmosphere so cold and bracing.

But it may be said, as a general rule, that when Longfellow was commonplace in sentiment he was far from commonplace in expression. His verse was full of grace, and, if one may use the word in this connexion, of tact; and it cannot perhaps be said to have been want of tact that prevented him from correcting the one odd blunder that he made after it had gone forth to the world and become somewhat surprisingly popular. That he could be, and generally was, much the reverse of commonplace will hardly be denied by any one who has made any real study of his work. He had a keen observation, a vivid fancy, a scholarlike touch, a not too common *gentillesse*, and a seemingly easy command of rhyme and rhythm. Nor can he be said to have been wanting in humour of a delicate sort. We may refer as one instance to his pleasant lines, written in French, to Agassiz with a basket of wine. Although he never cared or strove to master the technical requirements of the theatre, a fine dramatic feeling is exhibited at many points of *The Spanish Student*. In the composition of this, as in the French verses just referred to, his aptitude for and wide knowledge of modern languages stood him in good stead, and in the matter of local colouring and so forth there is but little fault to be found in the attractive romance, cast in dramatic or semi-dramatic form, of the loves of the student and the supposed gipsy girl. When the qualities which we have touched upon are united in a man who has come before the world as a poet, evidently in consequence of the promptings of his nature, and not of malice prepense and with carefully devised affectation, it seems somewhat rash to deny him the high place which the great bulk of his

admirers would assign to him, because he has, perhaps too frequently, lapsed into thought, if not into diction, which may seem unworthy of such a writer at his best.

Nor, perhaps, is it fair in this regard to leave out of account that Longfellow began his poetic career as the poet—the poet *par excellence*—of a country which had its literature to make. America has not of course shown herself deficient in poetic talent—the names of Whittier, Cranch, Bryant, Wendell Holmes, Halleck, and others, will serve at a moment's recollection to support this; but Mr. Longfellow was, broadly speaking, both the first and the widest of American poets. His position as the spokesman in poetry of a young country had its advantages and its drawbacks. He was more free from the disadvantages of critical severity and opposition than an English writer could well have been; but such a freedom has its dangers, and to this it might not be too fanciful to trace the lapses of which some mention has been made. That it was to these lapses that he owed a considerable portion of his influence with the mass of the reading or devouring public in England was not his fault; and this fact should not, we think, be allowed to obscure in any way the exceptionally fine qualities which he undoubtedly possessed and cultivated. Before speaking briefly of his original poetry and of his fine work in prose, it may be as well to mention, in connexion with what has been said of his linguistic skill, his marked success as a translator. In this there is one curious point. His translations of Spanish and German poetry are excellent, and part of their excellence is due to his having thrown off the fetters of absolute line-for-line translation, which in his *Dante* he of set purpose assumed. The question as to the wisdom or unwisdom of thinking of literalness before everything else in translating verse from one language into another is too wide to be now entered upon; but it may be said that, apart from any discussion of this kind, and from any side issues which might be raised by it, Longfellow's translation of *Dante* will always be valuable, if only for the admirable method and arrangement of the commentary which opened to the amateur English reader much valuable information which, till the publication of his version, had been known chiefly to experts.

Mr. Longfellow's career was in various aspects remarkable. Born in 1807, the descendant of a Yorkshire family which emigrated to America towards the end of the seventeenth century, he was intended to follow his father's profession of the law, for which, however, he had no real liking. His linguistic talent early asserted itself, and he left his father's office to accept a Professorship of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College. Here he found some of the advantages which used to belong to travelling Fellows in this country, and he has left the records of a tour which he made in Europe, with the sanction of the College, in a book of notes called *Outre Mer*. It is somewhat odd to find an English critic who comments on this fact, and who does justice to the merits of this little book, going on to say that "his next work, *Hyperion*, a romance, was popular in its day; but very few people will care now to work their way through its dull pages." We venture to say that there are a good many people who have cared to make their way, and who care to remake it, through the pages of *Hyperion*—a book which is full of fancy and of delicate humour, and which notably preserves its charm of fresh and true description among the masses of "word painting," concerning the places which Longfellow described, that have since the days of *Hyperion* been hurled on the heads of a long-enduring public. It would be too much to say that there is not one dull passage in *Hyperion*—of how many romances could that be truly said? But it is not too much to say that the whole book, which is only too short, is charged with poetical feeling, insight, and humour, and contains also some singularly fine criticism. What is said in the form of conversation concerning Jean Paul and Hoffmann is too long to quote here, and, as every word of it is to the point, one rather fears to spoil it by quoting any detached portion; but we may, perhaps, venture on recalling to our readers' recollection the conclusion of the essay in speech delivered on Jean Paul by his countryman at the *table d'hôte* in Mayence. "And yet this," says the German, answering some remarks of Flemming's, "is not affectation in him. It is his nature; it is Jean Paul. And the figures and ornaments of his style, wild, fantastic, and oftentimes startling, like those in Gothic cathedrals, are not merely what they seem, but massive coigns and buttresses, which support the fabric. Remove them, and the roof and walls fall in. And through these gargoyles, these wild faces, these images of beasts and men carved upon spouts and gutters, flow out, like gathered rain, the bright abundant thoughts that have fallen from heaven. And all he does is done with a kind of serious playfulness. He is a sea-monster, disporting himself on the broad ocean; his very sport is earnest; there is something majestic and serious about it. In everything there is strength, a rough good nature, all sunshine overhead, and underneath the heavy moaning of the sea. Well may he be called 'Jean Paul, the Only-One.'" No less keen and appreciative is what is said later on about Hoffmann, a writer whose genius has, except by Carlyle and the late Mr. Oxenford, been curiously neglected in English literature; but it is the more necessary to read Longfellow's remarks upon him in full, since they go at length into the unfortunate manner of Hoffmann's life and its effect upon his work. Such bits of fine criticism, however, come in by accident in *Hyperion*, which is in its essence a romance much in the same way in which Lord Beaconsfield's *Contarini Fleming* is a romance. *Contarini Fleming* is the wider and therefore the greater work of the two, but in its own line *Hyperion* is

as complete and as charming as the larger work. It has the same delicate touch, the same play of fancy, the same fine and apparently careless treatment of episodic matter; and readers to whom the free expression of sentiment in *Contarini Fleming* is unpleasant may be glad to find that Longfellow is more shy and reticent in the revelation of deep and sometimes extravagant feeling than Lord Beaconsfield cared to be. Not least amongst the many excellences of *Hyperion* is the skill which makes even the characters who appear but for a moment, like the unhappy Emma of Ilmenau, living realities while we read of them. There is not a personage in the book who is not well hit off, and, as a piece of charming, good-humoured, and slightly caricatured representation, the treatment of the Englishman Berkley cannot be too highly praised. The same qualities of fine perception and delightful expression are prominent in another prose romance, *Kavanagh*, which is only less attractive than *Hyperion* in that its scope is more restricted. Nothing could be more delicate and more true than the drawing of some of the characters, notably of Mr. Churchill, a person in whom Miss Austen might have delighted; but *Kavanagh* is a work which perhaps demands a special mood for its full appreciation, while *Hyperion* can be taken up with an assurance of pleasure at almost any moment.

We have dwelt at some length upon these two works, because they are less widely known than that part of Mr. Longfellow's poetry which was cast in the form of verse, and because, as it seems to us, they have been done but scant justice to by many critics. And, indeed, Mr. Longfellow's poetry, in the usual sense of the word, is so well known and so widely admired that it is hardly necessary to do more than mention his longer works, such as *Evangeline*, *Miles Standish*, *The Golden Legend*, and *Hiawatha*. To our own taste, the two last-named works are the most to be admired of the poet's longer efforts; but it was one of his attractions that he appealed to a wide variety of tastes. *The Golden Legend* displays, to our thinking, more power than *Evangeline*, and in one sense more dramatic power than *The Spanish Student*. To introduce Lucifer as a character in a mediæval dramatic poem was a daring thing, the daring of which was fully justified by the poet's handling of his theme. Here and there weak points are to be found, as in the confessional scene; but, as a whole, the work is a fine work, and one which we venture to think will live by reason of its combined force and beauty. *Hiawatha* is open to more objection. It might be called, with some show of justice, a "put-up thing," inasmuch as its essence is due to the learning of Schoolcraft; and we have heard a skilled critic object to it that it is "so easy." Easy, no doubt, it is to write, and to write in an imposing manner enough, in the metre of *Hiawatha*; but the fact remains that the success of *Hiawatha* itself has not been repeated. There is something in it which no skill in handling an easy metre, no readiness in adopting the lore of out-of-the-way scholars, will avail to give. This is not the time or place to dwell in detail upon Mr. Longfellow's private characteristics; but it may be said that the simplicity and sincerity which are found in his work were part of himself; and that there are many people who remember with gratitude and affection the readiness with which he, who may be described not inaptly as the Poet Laureate of America, devoted his attention to the demands or requests of younger writers, and gave them either kindly encouragement or equally kindly advice—a thing, it need hardly be said, more difficult to give. Mr. Longfellow's fascination for, and love of, young people of every age will not seem strange to readers of any age who have entered into the spirit of the works which are his best monument.

PERVERTED SYMPATHIES.

IT is a remark of Mr. Lecky's, and one the truth of which few thoughtful readers would be likely to dispute, that "the great majority of uncharitable judgments in the world may be traced to a deficiency of imagination." This serves to explain why good people, especially those whose goodness is of a somewhat hard and Pharisaic type, are often, without meaning or knowing it, so uncharitable in their judgments. They realize keenly the heinousness of the offence, but fail to realize—which is quite another thing from failing to sympathize with—the state of mind which led to it. It is difficult in the same sort of way for persons of defective imagination to understand or appreciate characters widely different from their own; with every desire to be just and even indulgent, they are very apt seriously to misjudge them. It will occur at once to admirers of Miss Yonge's novels how largely this psychological fact contributes to the central interest of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. It is not that virtuous persons, according to the well-known lines, "compound for sins they feel inclined to by damning those they have no mind to"—that is a much simpler and less excusable phase of mind. But men of lofty virtue are often unable to realize at all adequately the force of a passion they have never themselves experienced, just as a prosperous man would often be unable to make adequate allowance for the temptations to meanness or petty dishonesty engendered by poverty. It would not therefore be at all wonderful if the judgment of society on great criminals were found to be even excessive in its severity, and so perhaps it is on great crimes and great criminals in the abstract. But a phenomenon which has come prominently to the fore in recent times is not at first sight so easily explicable, and

that is the tendency of a considerable fraction of society—notably of female society—to manifest a sympathy with criminals which may almost be said without paradox to increase in exact proportion with their hopeless and unmitigated scoundrelism. It is no solution of the problem to talk of popular crazes and to say, as has been hinted in some quarters, that there is an analogy between the outburst of sympathy for Jumbo and the strange conduct of persons in no way connected with the convict who are signing impassioned petitions for the reprieve of Lamson or sending him daily bouquets of flowers. Beyond the bare fact of a certain amount of popular excitement in both cases, there is no real similarity between them. There was nothing in itself unnatural in the feeling manifested about Jumbo, though some of its expressions were fantastical or even grotesque, such as the letters said to have been addressed to him. It was indeed quite natural that Englishmen, and still more English children, should resent the removal of their favourite, if they thought, as many independent critics did and do think, that the alleged grounds for banishing him were wholly insufficient, and it was to their credit that they should resent it if they shared the mistaken impression, which prevailed for some little time, that the creature they had come to love was likely to be less kindly treated in Barnum's hands than here. Moreover Jumbo could at least eat and enjoy his buns, but any enjoyment Lamson can derive from his flowers must be mainly dependent on their assumed significance as tokens of personal regard on the part of the fair donors. And that is in truth just what they do signify, however skin-deep the sympathy may often prove to be. And thus we are brought back to the difficulty of accounting for this perverse display of sympathy with a convicted poisoner who for a paltry gain deliberately put an end to the life of his own brother-in-law, a cripple boy, and is not unreasonably suspected of having perpetrated at least one very similar crime before.

It must not of course be imagined, because we have referred in illustration of our theme to the case of the murderer who is awaiting his execution, that it is in this respect an exceptional one, otherwise than as it exhibits in its details an exceptional degree of wickedness. That a deep sympathy should be felt for his afflicted relations, and especially for his wife, who will have to mourn at once the loss of a husband and a brother, is only what might be expected, but if murderers are to be reprieved for the sake of their families we may as well give up the administration of justice altogether. Yet some thirty or forty years ago Archbishop Sumner expressed his desire to have a convicted murderer reprieved and sent to the colonies, where he thought she would make an excellent Scripture reader. And here, as on former occasions of the same kind, we have a considerable section of the community, in which the female element is conspicuous, eager to manifest its sympathy, not with the victims of a cruel and cowardly outrage but with the perpetrator, and a memorial in his favour has even been received from America, signed among others, as is rather oddly stated, by "two episcopal bishops." It was so in the Lefroy case; it was so previously in the Penge murder case, when a number of petitioners, chiefly female, came forward to urge the reprieve of the Staunton brothers condemned for starving to death a woman who was the wife of one and sister-in-law of the other. When Müller was hanged some years ago for a crime very similar in its leading circumstances to Lefroy's, ladies were heard to the last, and long after the execution, protesting their belief in his innocence; and there are some who, in spite of his own confession, still affect to doubt the guilt of Lefroy. Whether any one not connected with him by ties of blood ventures to question the justice of the verdict on Lamson we are not aware, but we have heard of pathetic complaints being made against the summing up of Mr. Justice Hawkins as "very hard upon" the prisoner, simply because it put forcibly, and without any allegation of extenuating circumstances which did not exist, the facts proved in the trial, which no doubt were so far very hard upon him that they left no room for doubt in any reasonable mind. A tendency to dwell with exclusive or disproportionate insistence on every point that can plausibly be urged in favour of the accused is an amiable if not innocuous mistake, though it is always important to bear in mind the weighty aphorism, *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*; mercy to the murderer means no redress to his victims. But we know not what excuse can be pleaded for the maudlin sickly sentimentalism which admits the crime while it blubbers over the criminal, instead of expending its compassion on the victims he has ruthlessly sacrificed to his hate or his greed. It has been suggested as an explanation of this strange perversion of feminine sentiment that women admire strength and pluck while they despise the weaklings of the world, like Percy John or Harriet Staunton. One difficulty in the way of such a solution is that murderers as a rule display much more of cowardice and cold calculation than of even brute physical courage, and this is notably true of the dastardly crimes we have just referred to, as also in Lefroy's case, nor would one willingly acquiesce in an estimate of female character so exactly opposite to that ascribed by Scott to our "ministering angels." It would be perhaps nearer the truth to say that there is often something interesting about a murderer, while his victim offers no such claim on public sympathy. The *Pall Mall Gazette* once remarked that the great service rendered by the Tractarian movement to the Church of England was that "it had made it interesting," and no doubt it is a gain to any person or institution in public estimation to be thought interesting. Now the mere notoriety acquired by a murderer is to many minds interesting; Cardinal Newman somewhere observes that notoriety has acquired

quite a new prominence as a motive power in the modern world, and it is probable that many odious crimes, such as shooting at the Queen, are inspired by a morbid craving for this sort of distinction. Then, again, criminals like Lefroy and Lamson are often young, and sometimes good-looking also, while there is nothing specially attractive to the imagination in a portly old gentleman or a half-silly woman or a crippled boy; that constitutes another species of interest, though hardly, under the circumstances, a more legitimate one.

The plain truth is that this sentimental slobbering over murderers—it deserves no better name—so far from having anything amiable or respectable about it is, from an ethical point of view, simply revolting. It may indicate a mawkish hankering after picturesque or juvenile assassins; it certainly betrays an utter callousness to the cruel fate of their unoffending victims. And for this perversion of moral sentiment we cannot but think that the habit of pandering to a morbid curiosity by the penny-a-liners of the daily press is partly responsible. We took occasion the other day, in commenting on the Lamson case, to notice the indecent articles which had appeared in certain daily papers both during the magisterial inquiry and the trial itself, and which, apart from the conspicuous violation of good taste, might justly be characterized as contempt of Court. Scarcely less offensive, though in a somewhat different way, are the silly and sensational paragraphs so constantly inserted of late years about the reported habits and sayings and general demeanour of the denizens of the condemned cell. We were deluged with this kind of journalistic drivel, as dull as ditch-water and a good deal dirtier, during Lefroy's imprisonment, and there has been more than enough of it in the present case. It may be surmised that fewer noseys would be sent to Lamson if the senders had no hope of reading in their paper next morning how their gifts had been received. Of course here, as elsewhere, the vicious taste and the vicious gratification of it act and react on one another; the demand creates the supply, and *vice versa*. If it is thought necessary that convicts, like crowned heads, should always be *en évidence*, there will always be people foolish enough to gloat over the gossip provided for their disedification. But on the other hand the revival of a sounder moral sentiment would do much to curtail this provision of literary garbage, nor can the diseased appetite be ascribed exclusively to the cooks who cater for its satisfaction. For those who appeal to our sense of generosity or compassion, or even like a late Archbishop of Canterbury to our religious sympathies, on behalf of condemned murderers, we should be disposed to suggest the familiar retort, "Let Messieurs the assassins begin." But when an unsuspecting traveller, or an invalid boy, or a sickly wife whose attractions are eclipsed by a younger rival, has been deliberately butchered in cold blood, by the hand it may be of a near kinsman who will suffer no law human or divine to stand in the way of his greed or his lust, our sympathy is reserved entirely for the murdered and we feel only loathing for the murderer. It is well indeed if he repents of the crime and acknowledges the justice of his doom; but even so, if he gains our pity he cannot claim our praise. The greatest unkindness we can do such unhappy beings, demoralizing alike to admire and admired, is to transform them into heroes of romance, and the flowers—whether natural or metaphorical—bestowed upon them are gifts which bless neither him that gives nor him that takes, but can only serve to degrade the giver while carrying with them a ghastly irony to the receiver. There is apparently a growing class of unhealthy sentimentalists to whose perverse instincts every fresh murder presents itself as the perfection of a fine art; they would do well to remember that, happily for the interests of justice, murderers in real life are apt to be as clumsy as they are inevitably criminal.

ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS.

WITH every new generation—at least if the new generation possesses any originality and force—there begins a war against poetic commonplaces. Poetry has not, perhaps, a greater natural tendency than prose to run into stereotyped forms. Nothing can be less poetical, or more stereotyped, than the construction of newspaper English. Men who write in a hurry on hackneyed subjects, and who have nothing new to say, naturally use the well-worn moulds of newspaper prose. Certain sentences, certain expressions, like "conspicuous by its absence," are remorselessly employed, and the regular pressman is even angry if any of his contemporaries choose to abandon these old favourites of the public, and to write as if journalism were a branch of literature. Just as the industrious and ingenious working-man is "rattened" and "picketed" by working-men who think the standard of skill quite high enough already, so the journalist who does not wish, if he can avoid it, to write "journalese," is detested by hardened old hands. It is superfluous to point out that the prose of the pulpit and of Parliament men has also its orthodox moulds, and its useful well-worn tags and *ficelles*.

Now poetry is a much more ancient form of composition than prose. We do not know whether the evolutionists are right in thinking that our earliest human ancestors sang, and did not speak. But it is certain that all the literature which lies nearest the awakening of human intelligence is poetical in form. In all countries where magic is a working belief, magical incantations are muttered or sung in some form of verse. All literature begins in poetry,

and the early age is past when the old songs are turned into prose of the Edda, or the *Chansons de geste* are degraded into prose romances. Poetry declares its source in antiquity, and its strong hold of the past, by the archaic words which it still uses, without blame, even in an age of slang and of newspaper English. Every beginner in the study of a modern language knows how much more difficult poetry is than prose. The reason is that poetry retains so many more unfamiliar words which have dropped out of everyday speech, and retains constructions, too, which are rejected by people living in a period of hurry. Poetry can still afford to take its leisure, and no one reads it as he skims a telegraphic despatch. Thus poetry, being really a survival, and a thing of which modern civilization will probably disembarass itself, has a natural tendency to cling to old formulae. These were first invented, or many of them were first invented, before the age of writing. A minstrel who recited rhapsodies aloud required some resting places for his memory. He could not merely "ha" and "hum," or repeat himself tautologically, like an orator. So poets used to insert brief passages of commonplace, frequently recurring, as the New Zealanders do even now, and as Homer did, and as was the manner of the old French epic-writers and the makers of popular ballads. To these necessities we owe the commonplaces about rosy-fingered Dawn, and about the sun-setting, and all the land growing dark, and so forth. These were borrowed by the Roman poets, and the Roman shape of the formulae survived till the time of Wordsworth, and his war against commonplace. Unluckily, the result of all romantic and "naturalistic" reactions against consecrated formulae is to introduce new commonplaces, or to set each poet on inventing commonplaces which become characteristic of his own work. Poetry must always be more or less a matter of convention. Some epithets are allowed; others, just as appropriate, are tabooed. Then comes a poet who employs a tabooed word successfully, and instantly a school of imitators convert the novelty into a conventional formula. For example, it has long been common to talk of an "orange" sky. Orange sunsets fade, and crimson dies into deep orange, and no one is offended. But, let a poet try a lemon twilight; let him say that the lemon-coloured sunset smiles, or that the orange sunset dies and fades into pale lemon o'er the sea, and that bard will have the critics down upon him. Yet the late sunset is very often lemon-hued, so that lemon-yellow is found in every box of water-colour pigments. And lemons are just as poetical articles of commerce as oranges—more so, we venture to think—and the pale glow of lemons in the dark glossy leaves on the southern coast is as beautiful as any golden apples ever known to the "lily maidens," as Quintus Smyrnaeus calls the Hesperides. Thus it seems unfair to "bar" lemon; but, if a poet makes a hit with lemon, all the poetasters in England will be rhyming to "the bells of St. Clement's," and we shall have a new convention. When Coleridge called a twilight sky "green," there was an indignant protest, and it seemed that no one had ever seen that the sky could be green before. But now we all hint green, and print green, as, according to Mr. Browning, the followers of Keats "hint blue" and "straightway turtle eat," or "print blue," and "claret crowns their cup." But "What porridge had John Keats?" as Mr. Browning enigmatically inquires. Once more, a fish is as poetic as a vegetable, for all that we can see. But we can speak, and Mr. Tennyson does speak, of "daffodil sky," while poets seem shy of talking about a "mackerel sky." Yet the sky as often displays arrangements like those we admire in the mackerel as colours like that which pleases in the daffodil. It was perilous to write of "sticky chestnut buds," but "drooping chestnut buds" were perfectly safe. Now young chestnut buds are much more obviously sticky than drooping. There were forms like "sunny warm," "thunder fires," "wan light," "dewy dark," which Mr. Tennyson employed long ago, and which were rapidly becoming poetic commonplaces when the master wisely discarded them. There is also the frequent employment of the words "happy" and "windy," which has always marked the Laureate's style. In his earliest volume, and in a "Chorus in an unpublished drama, written in very early life," we read of

mountains riven
To shapes of wildest anarchy
By secret fire and midnight storms
That wander round their windy cones.

No one but Mr. Tennyson in all the roll of English poets could probably have written the italicized line. But now the industrious poetaster has made free with "windy" and "happy," and "most can raise the flower, for all have got the seed."

With Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Rossetti came in a new set, or several new sets, of conventionalities. Original and striking, if perhaps too prominent, in the works of the poets, these forms are excessively irritating in the works of the poetasters. With Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta* (for the *Queen Mother* passed unnoticed) came in the constant use of "iron," the eternal references to "fire," and "blood," and a certain meteoric way of writing about the great blind forces of the world, stars, winds, foam, and so forth—if foam can be called a "force," except when used to fashion the deadly bolt with which Indra slew Ahti. Before Mr. Swinburne we almost doubt whether girls were called "white," or necks and other portions of the human frame "warm"; certainly kisses did not "sting," nor were things in general so apt to be "wet." Mr. William Morris presented the poetaster with "wan" as an epithet of water. "Wan" had been a formula in the Border ballads from time immemorial, but Mr.

Morris first thought of reintroducing this inseparable epithet of water. It was very pleasant in *Jason*, but now it meets one everywhere. Mr. Morris's girls were "slim," as those of Mr. Swinburne were white. Both he and Mr. Rossetti added another to the scanty rhymes to "love," by employing "thereof"; and now we never meet "love" in a poem without an anxious feeling that "thereof" is lurking in the neighbourhood. Who endowed the common poetaster with "utter" we do not know. Mr. Barlow—an author rather sensitive, we fear, to criticism—has ridden "utter" very hard, also "wonderful." Almost everything which is not "utter" with this songster is "wonderful," and anything that escapes these epithets is apt to fall a victim to "warm." The habit of laying stress on the last syllable, when the penultimate is accented in speaking, is probably derived by Mr. Rossetti and his admirers from old English verse. "Di-al," "wa-ter," "flo-wer," "bo-dee," for "dial," "water," "flower," and "body," are now among the most ordinary conventionalities of the modern Muse. They have ceased to attract by their strangeness. We know that water is more likely to rhyme now to "beer" than to "daughter," and that Byron was in error when he said

They caught two boobies and a noddy,
And then they left off eating the dead body.

He should have written, and, if he were a minor poet now, he would write—

They caught two herring, and of whitebait three,
And now no more must eat the dead bo-dee.

This may seem a queerly way of writing (for if we should say "grimly" for "grim," we must say "queerly" for "queer"), but it is "right," it is "the thing."

If we might offer a word of advice to a young poet, it would be somewhat in this manner. Do not be fashionable. If you find you have spoken of a slim maiden or a white girl, cut out the adjective. If you must have an adjective, find a new or disinter an old one. But beware of "brown," for that is Mr. Rossetti's private property. Make as little use as possible of "withal," and in other words do not displace the usual accent, so as to make it rest heavily on the ultimate syllable. Forewear "utter," "white," "wet," "warm," "sweet," "wonderful," and generally keep a keen eye on "foam," especially if it shows a tendency to be "blown." Distrust "ah," especially if conscience whispers that Mr. Matthew Arnold would have sighed "ah" in this very place if he had been working at the same subject. Avoid metres invented or revived by Mr. Swinburne; they are many and meritorious, but you cannot well write in them with originality. As you value your reputation, do not call the waters "wan"; and, if tempted to use a violet or orange sunset, try if a tomato sunset will not do just as well or better. The colour of the tomato is beautiful, and only its association with chops prevents this vegetable from being as poetical as oranges. Try something like this:—

Tomato-red the sunset glowed
On verdant waves cucumberine,
Till night, descending, indigo'd
With blue the mournful deep divine.

If you are successful, you will soon have followers enough; and indigo, cucumbers, and tomatoes will be as common in song as roses, oranges, and daffodils.

THE RESURRECTION OF DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

MOST people have, for a time, nearly forgotten the deceased wife's sister. Unfavourable circumstances in foreign and home politics have pushed that interesting claimant for brevet rank as an honest woman into the background—which, to speak frankly, is, on the whole, her most suitable position. But it would have been odd if a Government of Mr. Gladstone—that is to say, a Government of All the Crotchets—should not, in its genial shining, have tempted her out again. The general principle of that Government is that anybody who wants to do anything ought to be allowed to do it, unless it is to fulfil the wishes of a pious founder, or to exercise the old privileges of Parliament, or to vote against Mr. Gladstone in any way. The deceased wife's sister is guilty of none of these crimes, and there is no reason why she should not look for her share of manna. Accordingly there is great stir among those who have a weakness for the minor varieties of what the law calls incest. They have got a young member of Parliament to bring on a resolution on the subject in the House of Commons; they have got Lord Dalhousie to bring the Bill itself into the House of Lords, a concession to the clamours of that assembly for work which is of so graceful a character as, no doubt, to disarm all opposition. It appears, however, that the reason of the introduction is rather a chivalrous desire to attack the most dangerous position first. The Deceased Wife's Sister's Society's Secretary says that "we have a large majority—250 in the House of Commons." Two hundred and fifty is certainly a large majority, and it can only mean that, taking the house at six hundred odd, some four hundred and thirty members will vote for the deceased wife's sister, and only something short of two hundred against her. This stately show is to be given by dint of Mr. R. T. Reid's Resolution; while Lord Dalhousie is to storm the obdurate House of Lords. It is a little interesting to find that a young statesman who once burned to make his mark by dissolving the union between Great Britain and Ireland should now burn to make it by consecrating the union

between the deceased wife's sister and her lover. But these two operations are not the only ones meditated by the party. They are going, it is said, to hold a monster meeting, and the conditions of that meeting are alleged to be so remarkable that the term "monstrosity" is certainly applicable. It is said that at this singular assembly a large collection of interesting "love-children" (the phrase is used by so impeccable a writer as Miss Austen) are to be produced, ticketed as the offspring of the transactions which are to be converted by Act of Parliament into marriages. This method of moving compassion is very old, if not very respectable. Long before the competition for beadle's places and for admission into charitable institutions, it was customary in Roman courts of law. The technical term for the victims thus paraded was *sordidati*; and it is impossible to imagine any more excellently suited to the present occasion. If the unhappy infants of small or large growth, who are produced on a platform to testify to their mothers' shame, are not *sordidati*, and that in no technical sense, we own to having confused the paths of honour and of shame inextricably. No one would think the worse of these unlucky persons because of their parents' fault. But such of them as are not absolute infants in understanding as well as in age may as well understand what they are doing. As for the indecency of the proceeding, that is quite of a keeping with the whole matter, in which, indeed, decency would be remarkably out of place. The deceased wife's sister is by hypothesis indifferent to that antiquated superstition. Instead of dwelling with decencies for ever, she prefers to dwell with her sister's husband.

We have no intention, in this place, of entering into a solemn argument with the eccentric promoters of this particular form of immorality. That their history is mostly false, their theology all wrong, their analogies absurd, and their arguments *ad misericordiam* simply contemptible, everybody who has looked into the subject is perfectly well aware. It is open to a man of strong mind, if he chooses to do so, to contend that restraints of consanguinity and connexion generally in marriage are all nonsense. That is an arguable point, though the general conscience of mankind as it has come to years of discretion seems to have decided it against our strong-minded man. It is also open to argument from the same point of view, and leaving religious and arbitrary sanctions out of the question, whether polygamy, concubinage, polyandry, and several other institutions of the kind, culminating, if anybody likes, in simple promiscuity, are or are not permissible and preferable to regulated monogamy. The espouser of the unpopular side in such debates may be morally torpid or practically shortsighted as to consequences, but he is not necessarily illogical. The deceased wife's sister man is a marvel of illogicality. He rests on the Levitical law, and the Levitical law goes into his hand and pierces it. He argues about the Act of 1835 in a manner which, if it be admitted, would justify the bringing in of an Act empowering a modern Cimon to marry a modern Elpinice. He says "Oh fie!" to the humble rival who wants to marry his brother's wife, or his niece, or his aunt. But his most delightful exhibition of the bad logic of concupiscence is his great resistless contention, soon to be urged more resistlessly than ever by the monster meeting—that so many very respectable people have married, or pretended to marry, their deceased wives' sisters that for the sake of their property, family, and conscience the Bill ought to be passed. With regard to the family, the case is no doubt hard; but the argument is absolutely worthless. If Parliament is to spend its time in preventing the sins of the fathers from being visited on the children, the sooner the clóture is in full swing the better. All the time will be wanted in order to pass Acts ordaining that consequences shall not follow antecedents. As to property, it has often enough been pointed out that no necessary hardship occurs in any case except that of a strictly entailed landed estate, and that in this case the hardship is at least questionable. But the conscience argument is the most delightful of all. The conscience which is not in the least frightened at habitual commission of a breach of the law, but which would be relieved immensely by a retrospective license for that breach, is one of the oddest of moral senses. For it seems to be forgotten sometimes by the deceased wife's sister's knights and squires that the moral guilt of these unions is the reason of the law, and not the law the reason of the moral guilt. A free pardon may quiet the conscience of a rebel or a smuggler, because the transgressions have been simply transgressions against the identical authority which now remits them. But the law which forbids marriage with the deceased wife's sister simply interprets a sentiment which, rightly or wrongly, has been of very wide prevalence in the religion and the morality of most if not of all nations.

We really think that of the very many lines of argument which may be taken on this question, not the weakest is that of the combined impudence and absurdity of the proposal when it comes to be examined. "I have been immoral, and it would be a great comfort to me if you would say that I am moral after all," is the practical demand of the sham husband and the sham wife. One really feels inclined to say to these skulking dabblers in concubinage, "Do have the courage of your opinions, *peccate fortiter*." Of course, if there be anywhere a man who, with a real conviction that such marriages ought to be lawful, with a strong desire to contract one, but with an acknowledgment that they are not lawful now, refrains from his desire and agitates for an alteration of the law, then such a man is respectable enough, and to be pitied. But it is notorious that the agitation is not in the least of this kind. It is an agitation of law-breakers who are trying to get whitewashed,

of malefactors who, having taken all the solace of their malefaction, come coolly and say, "It really would give us a great deal of pleasure if you would say that it is not a malefaction at all." We really cannot see that the Parliament of Great Britain has anything to do with the issue of *Liebeten-Scheine*, if we may recall an eccentric and unsavoury practice of the Prussian army. To apply to the Houses of Lords and Commons for a license to live with one's deceased wife's sister appears to us a somewhat impudent act. It is, in truth, not very easy to say how Parliament might be worse employed than it is likely to be when "the machine has been got into order." But of its bad employments there can hardly be a worse one than the regulation of the tenure of concubinage. For all practical purposes it is demonstrable that an alteration of the law would be a grave misfortune, and would result in the probable introduction of much evil and unhappiness into domestic life; but, if it were not so, the argument for relaxation would still be extremely weak. It is notorious that, as a rule, the feeling that certain persons are in any event excluded from marriage with each other is a sufficient guarantee that no dangerous affection shall spring up between them. Until this agitation arose, and the deceased wife's sister acquired the attraction of a forbidden but possibly obtainable fruit, nobody, with the rarest exceptions, wanted to marry his wife's sister, deceased or not, simply because nobody regarded her as in any respect marriageable. That connexions of the kind, and hankerings after connexions of the kind, may have become more frequent since is extremely probable, but that certainly does not make the case any stronger on the sister's side. In short, the agitation is not only an offensive one, but it is practically idle as well. It is the growth, partly of something which modern manners forbid us to describe by its plain English monosyllabic name in prose, partly of that diseased craving for abnormal enlargements of personal liberty which is the seamy side of Liberalism, partly of interested agitation, and partly of that incomprehensible fancy for change for change's sake which dominates modern politics. But when it is reduced to its simplest terms it becomes a demand on the part of a very few persons that their unlawful indulgences shall be legalized for them. When the present Secretary of the Admiralty was a less grave man than he is now, he sung of the raptures felt by an ardent youth at the thought that "None need shout, 'You fool, look out!' here comes the Senior Proctor." Mr. Trevelyan's words exactly express the boon which these men and women ask of us. They ask us to take off the senior proctor and leave them to their permitted raptures. It is a modest request, perhaps, but it is one which, as it seems to us, Parliament should certainly not consent to.

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

THE American Steamship Company, which is the only Transatlantic passenger line sailing under the stripes and stars, has just issued an extremely unsatisfactory Report. It appears that the Company has been trading at a loss, and that the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has hitherto subsidized it, being discouraged at the failure of its patriotic experiment, thinks of withdrawing its guarantee. Yet the cause of the failure is a simple question of working expenses; and it is certainly not due to any decline in the passenger traffic between the United States and Europe. Never, on the contrary, in previous experience has there been the promise of so great an influx of American tourists. We are informed that the most commodious first-class cabins and berths, not only in the vessels of the American Steamship Company, but in those of the competing English fleets, have been engaged for so many months in advance that a tourist starting on the spur of the moment would have to put up with very indifferent accommodation. Things have greatly changed since adventurous travellers like Washington Irving and Mr. N. P. Willis could describe the most familiar scenes in foreign travel for the benefit of their countrymen with all the freshness of sensational fiction. Now the roving Americans are to be met in crowds upon all the great highways of Continental travel; and the flying tour has become a regular part of the programme of every fairly prosperous citizen. The English milord who used to scatter his money broadcast, and was supposed to look at nothing in the bill save the sum total, has almost gone out with the antiquated travelling chariots and posting-houses. The Russian prince has seen his serfs emancipated, and either stays at home to keep terms with the money-lender or moves about in modest obscurity. Meantime the American capitalist has come to the front, and makes the fortunes of the Continental hotel-keepers and show places. You may trace the signs of his passage or of his more prolonged sojourns in the changing signs of hotels in Southern Europe. For, next to Paris—which realizes to him the earthly Paradise—the American affects the Sunny South. So the most showy establishments in Florence and Rome and Naples, in lively gratitude for liberal favours to come, assume the cognizances of "The United States," "The New York," and "The Grand Hotel Washington." Fastidious English tourists may affect to growl at the increasing mobs of their energetic Transatlantic cousins. They may complain, with considerable reason, that the Americans fill the hotels and raise the prices everywhere between the Rhine and the Tiber; that, with ever-ready fingers fumbling among the loose dollars in their capacious pockets, they secure the *coupés* and the best corners in the carriages in all the express trains; nay, that as they begin to be

somewhat less morbidly restless in their habits, they run up the rents of ornamental chalets on the Swiss lakes and of villas on the enchanting bays of the Riviera. But there can be no doubt that the American passion for movement is an immense boon to many important international interests and to whole classes of deserving persons. American travellers contribute freely to the dividends of railway and steam-packet Companies, which would otherwise have to scrimp their services, if they succeeded in keeping out of liquidation. They subventionize, as we have said, the great hotels, which employ in turn numerous staffs of servants who grow rich by tips, if not by wages. They give the listless inhabitants of decaying towns, who would otherwise stagnate in depressing poverty, regular occupation as guides and *laquais de place*; for your true-born American is as helpless abroad as he is self-reliant at home. And, to say nothing of their generous patronage of the arts, they are the free-handed Providences of the innumerable tradesmen who contrive by their help to drive a flourishing trade in local specialties that are intrinsically almost valueless. So that the fortunes of picturesque Europe are bound up in the prosperity of the great Transatlantic Republic; and each shipload of emigrants that leaves the European shores contributes indirectly, sooner or later, to the enriching of their European relatives.

The Americans in Europe may be roughly divided into three classes. First come the cultivated and æsthetic few, of the type that the late Mr. Longfellow glorified in his *Hyperion*, and that Mr. James loves to elaborate in a series of novels which would seem more artistic were they less monotonous. Then follows the far more considerable body who are refined in manners rather than in intellect; and who, settling chiefly in France, although sometimes in Italy, chameleon-like, take the colours of the peoples they live among. Finally, we have the grand rush of the tribes of the Philistines or tourists proper, who might of course be subdivided almost indefinitely, but who nevertheless have their most characteristic features in common. The cultivated American, when he does not carry æstheticism to excess and imitate the morbid eccentricities of the femininized English philanderer, is one of the most agreeable and entertaining of travelling companions. It is a godsend when the solitary English tourist stumbles upon him in one of those out-of-the-way towns which are the relics of the middle ages and the favourite resorts of Mr. James's heroines. He is a man of the world, yet something of a dreamer, with a great deal of the student. He seems to steep his soul at the shortest notice in the characteristic spirit of the place; yet he regards objects and their associations from the original standpoint of one who has been bred in a new country and braced by habitual contact with the practical. He is well, if somewhat superficially, read, and he has dreamed and speculated with thoughtful interest on the arts which he has mastered theoretically, if not mechanically. And withal he generally shows a certain modesty of thought which is far from being a conspicuous feature of the national character, as of one who feels himself treading unfamiliar ground and is groping his way cautiously to conclusions. In short, the cultivated American, when he is free from one absorbing taste, is generally an excellent fellow and a capital comrade—always ready to change the subject of conversation at a hint, and able to meet you agreeably on most topics. We may say as much of his countrymen who are settled in Europe, although their discourse is rather social than intellectual. To politics they are, for the most part, profoundly indifferent; at least their only strong feeling on the subject is a hearty detestation of democratic institutions. Consequently the feelings of the American colony in France are anything but friendly to the existing form of government; and at best they have resigned themselves to the Republic with cold acquiescence. Their strong points are horses and hospitality. The American likes the habits of the French, and flatters himself that he rather shines in the salons; but what he respects in the Englishman is his knowledge of horsemanship and the hereditary firmness of his seat in the saddle. The only time when, as a rule, he cares to face the fogs and damp of our island is on the eve of one of the great summer race meetings, especially if American colours are likely to run forward. The spring meetings are somewhat too thoroughly professional for his tastes; and even the luxuries and good company of the Langham can scarcely tempt him to risk the probable inclemency of the weather. Even in an hotel he cannot help being hospitable; and he would rather any day entertain an old acquaintance than accept that acquaintance's invitation to pot-luck. The genial back-settlement fashion of standing drinks to everybody all round at the bar has developed in him into the art or instinct of dinner-giving. In his own home and at his own round table he is seen in his glory. He is seldom or never guilty of those dreary state banquets which have the solemnity and chill profusion of funeral feasts; and we need hardly say that he holds aloof from those public entertainments, with their interminable "orating," which come off periodically in Paris at the "Grand" or the "Continental" Hotel. He is no public speaker, although he is a pleasant talker. He asserts his snug little parties of six or eight, thoughtfully mixing the materials according to his knowledge of men and women. His wife and her female friends are as carefully dressed as the table is gracefully decorated. Both in the toilets and the table ornaments there is much quiet richness, but neither garish display nor glaring inconsistencies of colour. He knows he can trust his cook as himself, so he can spare all his thoughts from his company. From the oysters of Ostend or Marennes to the dessert there is nothing superfluous in the menu; and as

for the wines, which he has carefully selected himself, they harmonize to perfection with the successive courses. When you light the fragrant cigarette, you feel that you have dined to admiration, and are unhaunted by horrible fears for the morrow. Should you be persuaded to follow the cup of coffee by a *chasse*, it is merely a luxury the more, but entirely unnecessary as a digestive. In short, the Englishman who is in the habit of frequenting the Continent is fortunate indeed if he number many such American Amphitryons among his friends. Their tables are pleasant retreats even from the clubs and restaurants of Paris, and they are so many refreshing gastronomical tabernacles among the overcrowded and undercooked caravanserais, when you stumble upon them in the height of a season at Dieppe, Trouville, or Biarritz.

We have left the ordinary American tourist to the last; because, unfortunately, we all know him only too well, and consequently there is little to be said of him. The solitary male is perhaps the least obnoxious of the species; and moreover, should he throw a dark shadow across your path, you may comfort yourself by reflecting that you will quickly lose sight of him. Yet, to a feeling heart, there is something inexpressibly sad in meditating on that self-imposed over-exertion. It seems such a strange misconception of the pleasures of holiday-making, or so laborious and fruitless an effort at self-instruction. Your friend appears to have flown off at a tangent from his indefatigable dollar-gathering, and to be sent revolving round romantic Europe in the eccentric orbit of the flying boomerang, which cannot deflect from its destined course, and must return duly with punctuality and despatch to the exact spot from which it started. There he goes, like the latter-day Wandering Jew, whether on road or rail or steamer, always with the body slightly stooped forward, and an unsatisfied hunger of expectation in the wistful eyes that seem riveted on some remote point in vacancy. He rises early, snatching his sleep like his meals; he is always toiling at the heels of guides, or in the custody of uncompromising *laquais de place*. Yet you know he will never come up with the phantoms he is chasing; and that, for any practical benefit he is likely to get in the way of improving his fallow intelligence, he might as well do his touring leisurely and luxuriously among rocking-chairs, spittoons, and the New York journals. We pity the solitary and sinewy misanthrope who seems to be toiling after the secret of perpetual motion; but our feelings towards the overgrown American family parties are of a very different nature. Year after year, and especially in the Swiss mountains in the fine season, the fashion of accumulating sundry moderate-sized households into a single monstrous agglomeration seems to be growing. It is no light matter coming in contact with one of these at the mountain inn which you have hitherto associated with ideas of peace and comfort. One of the confederated fathers has struck oil; another may have lighted on his legs in a rich silver vein in the Nevada; while a third and fourth have done powerful strokes of business in pork or corn at Cincinnati or Chicago. Wealth draws kindly to wealth, and doubtless they are become the best friends in the world; but they talk against each other, and they spend against each other, and they compare notes as to their respective dyspepsias; and the wives and daughters dress and screech against each other. The girls are all shrill-voiced and physically flighty; while the matrons are asthmatic and portentously heavy. The wooden staircases creak under the forms of scuttling maidens and the ponderous feet of their parents; the giggling of affectionate young women is to be heard at all hours, resounding through flimsy partitions of lath and shingle; and you fly from your once-loved retreat as from a pandemonium, to face the certainty of similar afflictions elsewhere. Getting involved in a party personally conducted by Cook or Gaze is one of the most trying dispensations of these days of progress; yet, when escaping from one of the composite American family gatherings, we can face such a contingency with comparative cheerfulness.

HYDE PARK CORNER.

IT is difficult to explain the very moderate dignity attributed by public opinion to the office of First Commissioner of Works. The post is usually filled by some respectable politician whose abilities or whose opportunities have just fallen short of making him a statesman; but who has merited, either by stanch loyalty to his chief or by active service in preserving party discipline, the distinction of a not quite independent command. The occasions are rare on which he is in the Cabinet, and yet upon no member of any Ministry are the inhabitants of London so dependent for comfort in their everyday life, or the nation at large for the watchfulness and zeal constantly needed in order to make the dignity and beauty of the metropolis advance in a corresponding ratio with the growth of the Empire. If, however, the First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings does not achieve the very highest distinction, he has the compensation of gaining all the glory that he can gain *coram populo*, and so that no one of his fellow-citizens can escape noticing his modest achievements. Though his political harvest is seldom of rich grain, he at least makes his hay where a sun is constantly shining.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre possesses energy, which has not always been so happily guided as it might have been in his attempts to solve the abstruser problems of statesmanship; but which has been far more successful in devising or developing certain much-

needed London improvements. Among these the plan for diminishing the obstructions to traffic of all sorts at Hyde Park Corner, announced by him on Tuesday evening, is not the least welcome. The streets of this vast and unwieldy capital are filled by an eager crowd, to whom for the most part time is money; but those for whose use they are devised have to wander at what is certainly not their own sweet will, and are as absolutely devoid of any visible power to make progress as a cart stuck fast in the most winding Devonshire lane. It is true that without a more absolute central authority than Englishmen have ever been wise enough to set up in such matters, there is much difficulty in drilling into order and regularity the network of devious thoroughfares which has grown up without any system at all, or of which the only system has been to supply a local want to the total disregard of general advantage. But we almost fear that, in addition to this, our countrymen have some organic defect of vision. Perhaps the explanation is that we are so accustomed to have our area of view confined by a narrow circumference of fog and mist that we cannot realize at all anything beyond a radius of a hundred yards or less from each particular spot. If this is so, we may hope for eventual breadth of sight as the work begun by the Smoke Abatement Exhibition makes itself felt. But, unfortunately, some of the alterations of late years make us fear that there is more at fault than this, and that our architects are really wanting in their grasp of general effect and of any thoroughgoing plan; while their employers cannot supply the deficiency. A notable instance of this limited conception occurs on the Piccadilly estates of the Duke of Westminster, and not far from Hyde Park Corner. The new, and in their way fine, buildings of Grosvenor Gardens and the Grosvenor Hotel are jumbled into a hopeless muddle, instead of being so arranged as to form a symmetrical, and consequently harmonious, group.

It is not our present concern to lament the past, but to welcome this sign of a happier future, and in doing so we are inclined to lay stress upon one part of the answer given by the First Commissioner of Works to his brother Edlie, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre stated that, of the various plans for making the improvements in question which had been submitted to him, he had resolved to adopt that prepared some years ago by the Secretary to the Department. "Tout vient à qui sait attendre" is an old proverb, but has seldom proved more true than in the case of the gentleman referred to. Mr. Mitford was an outsider at the time of his appointment. But the selection made of him by Lord Beaconsfield is an apt illustration of the principles clearly laid down on Thursday evening by Mr. Gladstone in defence of an analogous appointment.

The proposed plan has been already put before the public with so much detail in Parliament and in the press, and is in itself of so much simplicity, that it is only necessary to describe it here very briefly. Its main features are to take, roughly speaking, from the Green Park the triangle beyond the present footpath between Hamilton Place and the postern in Grosvenor Place; and to move the Wellington Arch back to the new entrance of the Royal Drive, some two hundred yards to the south-east of the present position of the gateway. The triangular plot of ground thus gained is to be dedicated to the public partly in great thoroughfares seventy feet wide, and partly in plots of ornamented garden ground between them. Of course, the chief thoroughfare—that is, the one to be most used, and which is the principal object of the scheme—will be the road nearest the Green Park, and which is to continue the route through Park Lane and Hamilton Place by an easy curve into Grosvenor Place, at the corner of Halkin Street. The gradient of this will not be nearly so steep as one would imagine when the high bank opposite St. George's Hospital only is remembered. If one stands upon this bank and looks eastward, it will be seen that the ground of the Park sinks all along the line of the new road, and that the junction there between Piccadilly and Grosvenor Place is not by a difficult incline. There is to be also a branch road from the main curve to meet Grosvenor Crescent; and of course the triangular plot will be divided by another broad road starting from a point opposite the gates of Hyde Park to the Wellington Arch in its new situation. The advantage gained will be such a relief of the present traffic at Hyde Park Corner as to make St. George's Hospital a less grim and appropriate *memento mori* than it is at present. As the shadows lengthen now from the huge building and deepen over the seething crowd of omnibuses, cabs, waggons, carriages, and foot-passengers below, they make the inscription appropriate over the house of benevolence—"This is the last Refuge of Despair."

The cost of carrying out this scheme is to be nearly 30,000*l.*, which does not seem too large a price to pay, especially as the Metropolitan Board have agreed to contribute two-thirds, and the Duke of Westminster another 2,000*l.* The pecuniary burden, therefore, will be small; and the plan, like most good plans, is of such a simple character that there is little to criticize as to its general features, although we cannot understand why the new diagonal road is not brought down so as to debouch opposite Halkin Street. As it is, an unsightly and inconvenient angle is left. The reason for this may probably be that the more complete scheme would cut off so much of the Park. If so, we can hardly think it adequate. But there is still one great matter as to which we should like to make a suggestion. It is now nearly forty years since that an endless team of horses, amid the

cheers of half the population of London, dragged Wyatt's colossal realization of the ghostly statue in *Don Giovanni* to Hyde Park Corner, and it was then and there put up on the top of poor Burton's triumphal arch, to sadden our generation with the biggest scarecrow in Europe. A few bold spirits struggled to remove it; but rumour said that its iron prototype opposite threatened to resign his place as Commander-in-Chief if but a leaden feather of the Commendatore's cocked hat or a hair of his horse's tail was touched by profane hands. The Duke of Wellington had done much for England, and London preferred to endure the portent rather than that the country should seem ungrateful to its hero. But not if the whole nation were harnessed to the Wellington Arch, as are the Israelites to Mr. Poynter's Sphinx, could they move the monument entire from its present to its future situation. The arch must be taken to pieces, and as a first step the statue must come down. Heaven forefend that it should ever find its way up again! This generation has borne its own sins, and there is no necessity that they should be visited on our children.

Moreover, if it were possible to say with truth that the statue standing on the arch could look more ugly elsewhere than it does now, we would say that it must appear far more ridiculous and unsightly in its new position. The gateway now crowns the very summit of the hill; when removed, it will stand on ground many feet lower, and will fall into and become, as it were, part of the avenue of the Royal Drive, and as such the effigy of a subject becomes more ridiculous, while the rigid lines of the figure become more unsightly in connexion with the graceful background. We do not wish to get rid of the monument altogether, for historical associations cling to it. And certainly we shall never—at least, we hope not—get another effigy by many degrees as big. It would be quite possible to put him on a properly-devised pedestal, of proportionate size, as a decoration of one of the gardens which are to be formed between the roads. The shapes of these, as given in the plan and model, are not very happy, and we think they would admit of improvement. It might be better to have a central plot between Hyde Park Corner and the arch of the Royal Drive, and for the road to circle on each side of this. In that case possibly the great Duke might find a happy home on a new pedestal there, something in the same way that King George prances at Charing Cross. But his axis must be transverse to the line of road, or his back will be turned upon the people and his own house, or upon his Sovereign as she drives from her palace, in a manner even more unbecoming than the Sphinxes so quaintly placed by Sir James Hogg on the Embankment. Or, again, he may be placed upon one of the large side plots. The noble effect of the grand equestrian statue of Henri VI. by the side of the Pont Neuf at Paris, and the spirited group of Godfrey de Bouillon in our own Parliament Square, are sufficient proof that figures of heroic size can be so dealt with as to become highly ornamental. Certainly ours is a veritable Colossus, but there are many ways of remounting him, and we do not profess to care very much which method is adopted, so long as—and for that we do care very much indeed—all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men are not employed to put the Wellington statue on to his present perch again.

MORE RUFFIANISM.

THE epidemic of ruffianism which has lately prevailed, and is still, it is to be feared, prevailing in London—and to the special development of which on the Thames Embankment Sir William Vernon Harcourt not long ago shut an auspicious or a dropping eye, as the case may be—seems to have reached in one phase of its being a climax in the disgraceful affair of the prize-fight, or alleged prize-fight, attempted a few days ago within the walls of a building which is now called St. Andrew's Hall, Tavistock Place, but which was so lately a place of worship that, when the fight took place, all the emblems of sacred association were still in and about the place, and, according to a newspaper report, afforded food for ribald mirth to the degraded spectators assembled. One can hardly dissociate the occurrence of a shocking affair of this kind from the more general kind of brutality above referred to; but it is, perhaps, as well to point out that, according to a series of interesting articles which has appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, there is nothing very new in the brutality of the "gangs" who seem to have adopted the habit of assaulting, robbing, and indeed murdering inoffensive wayfarers in unprotected places. Probably they have become more daring of late, and possibly their increased daring may be due to the force of example in another part of Great Britain. But they, if the information referred to is correct, are only carrying out, with more or less audacity, a fixed principle, while in the recrudescence of so-called prize-fighting there is something novel. We say "so-called" prize-fighting, because, so far as one can see at present, the brutalities of the old Prize Ring seem but small when compared to the brutalities which were begun in this disgraceful affair, and which would no doubt have been carried much further but for the prompt interference of the police. The fact that, as the magistrate well put it, "I never heard in my life of such an assembly in a place consecrated to the worship of God, and degraded by such profanation as this," gives an additional disgust to the whole business; but it is only by accident that it affects the attempted revival of a so-called sport, which decent people have long since ceased to

encourage, and which depends for its, let us hope, ephemeral new birth upon the support of persons who would resent the imputation of decency as an insult. It will be remembered that a few days ago, in the case of the Queen v. Coney, the prisoner made his case on the supposition that he was an innocent spectator, and the opinion which we then ventured to express, that the decision might give rise to difficulties in future cases, may possibly be confirmed in the present example of an attempt to revive the practice of prize-fighting. It is, however, too early to express any sort of opinion on the probable culpability of the persons arrested at "St. Andrew's Hall," or upon the chance of their escaping the consequences of their alleged evil conduct. But that the police were warranted in interfering there can, on the face of the matter, be no doubt; and it is not uninteresting as to the present temper of a certain part of the population of London to note what were the reasons for the action of the police. The evidence of the police inspector who was first called as a witness went to show that, having entered the "hall," he found a ring arranged just as rings used to be arranged for prize-fights, and within it were two men sparring with gloves. Their performance was followed by that of two other men, who also sparred with gloves, and retired in favour of yet other two men, upon whom the serious interest of the affair seemed to rest. "They were stripped to the skin, wearing trousers and boots, and a pair of light gloves; they were not boxing-gloves, and were unpadding. The men fought with them, and I saw the prisoner Goodson knock the other man down; he was unable to rise for a second, I should think. He did rise. In the second round Goodson knocked him down again, and he fell across the rope, the prisoner still striking him, and he also kicked him. The bystanders struck them both with sticks. I at once, with two officers who were with me, got into the ring, and said, 'This must not be allowed. Stop the fight.' There was then a general rush for the door." This account, which has not as yet been shaken in cross-examination, should surely be enough to disgust even the most fanatical upholders of the departed glories of the P.R. A ring formed in a consecrated place, two men fighting each other with a semblance of gloves, one knocking the other across the rope and then kicking him, while the bystanders belaboured both the combatants with sticks—surely revolting brutality, organized with a show of regulation, cannot go much further than this.

The second witness, also a police officer, gave evidence which seemed clearly enough to prove—if any further proof were needed—the intended nature of the affair. He, applying for admission at the turnstile set up outside the "hall," was at first refused admission, because he had not got the guinea demanded as the price to be paid for witnessing this most discreditable performance. Afterwards, however, returning with the inspector, he was admitted, after some difficulty, by a person who has since written a sufficiently remarkable "explanation" of the affair to one of the daily papers. The witness observed the ring formed with ropes and stakes, saw "a number of people sitting on benches in the body of the church, and there were raised seats where the communion table used to stand, which were all occupied." While the first encounters, which seem to have been in the right sense of the words "glove-fights," were going on, this witness went into a little room "adjoining the chancel," where he found the prisoners and other persons assembled. "On the table there were sponges, towels, a quantity of ice, bottles containing spirits, and india-rubber shoes." These, it need hardly be said, with the exception perhaps of the shoes and the towels, are not materials generally considered necessary for a friendly, or even for an exhibition, sparring match. On returning to the body of the church the witness found what certainly looked like a prize-fight going on, "and heard bets made" in the place where the communion table used to stand, "ranging from 2*l.* to 20*l.*" This witness more than confirmed what had been previously said as to the kicking, and added that the rush was made to the doors in spite of a valiant appeal from one of the prisoners to the spectators to "never mind the whole of it was unfair; and it will not be surprising if his testimony, both on this and on other points, remains unshaken."

On any special points in the evidence, however, it is not yet time to dwell; nor can we yet deliver any definite opinion as to the nature and extent of the offence of which the prisoners may or may not be found guilty. That there is a serious *prima facie* case against them it would be idle to doubt; and no one will question the wisdom of the magistrate in refusing to make any exception amongst the prisoners in the matter of surety. Indeed, it is only to be desired in all cases which seem involved in the present outbreak of ruffianism of one form and another, that all magistrates should be as firm and decisive as Mr. Vaughan was in this case—a case the publicity of which may, one would like to think, do some good. When it is clear that the attempt to revive prize-fighting is a mere offshoot of general brutality—and can it be otherwise than clear in the face of the evidence given as to the men kicking each other on the rope?—that the so-called prize-fights lately attempted are far removed from any pretension

to science in the art of boxing; that they simply amount to two men being set up to claw, kick, and pommel each other in the middle of a ring made in the middle of a chapel, in order to enable a set of blackguardly onlookers to make or lose money by bets offered and taken inside altar railings—then surely there may be hope that no person with any claim to decency will venture to say a word in favour of the pretended revival of a practice which was no doubt brutal enough in its fashionable days, but which has perhaps never reached the depth of brutality which has just been revealed. It may also be hoped that the strict suppression of one form of brutality may lead to, or at least encourage, the suppression of other forms; and that in time the calling of Thuggee, as practised on the Thames Embankment, and of revolver-shooting and wife-slaughtering, as practised *passim*, may be put a stop to; in spite of amiably or contentiously blind Home Secretaries and timid magistrates and judges. But, it may be added, it is also allowable to hope for the millennium.

THE ELECTRIC EXHIBITION.

THIS Exhibition still goes on increasing in interest, and has now become a great attraction to the public. The beauty of the sight alone would be almost enough to account for the crowds which are to be seen every evening; but the dense knots of people who assemble round the stalls of those exhibitors who give explanations of their instruments show that the Exhibition is not only a pretty show, but has aroused intelligent curiosity, and so will serve the purpose of spreading some little information on electrical matters—information which is, as a rule, sadly wanting, even amongst well-educated people, who too often look upon electricity as something akin to magic, and will gravely speculate on the chances of using electricity as a substitute for steam, and as a means of warming houses when the supply of coal is exhausted. Possibly a superstitious awe of this kind may account for the action lately taken by the Insurance Companies who insure the Crystal Palace building. Since the fire which happened some years ago, the rate of insurance has been raised from half a guinea per cent. to the very high rate of one and a half guinea per cent., which represents the extra hazardous risk at which theatres are insured. Not content with these high terms, the Insurance Companies have given notice that during the present Exhibition they will increase this rate by charging one guinea per cent. extra over and above the old rate for any period of not more than six months. It is difficult to see for what valid reason the Companies have decided to make this large surcharge. It is true that a large number of engines and boilers have been erected in and round the building for the purposes of the Electric Exhibition; but the old rate of insurance covers, we are told, seventeen boilers, which form part of the ordinary plant of the Crystal Palace; and, further, no extra insurance has ever been charged before during the periods of other exhibitions which have required extra steam-power. Only one complaint as to the fixing and arranging of the boilers and flues was, we are informed, made by the surveyors, and the arrangement complained of was promptly altered. It is hardly to be imagined that Insurance Companies can be so ill advised as to be led away by the scare about danger from fire from electric lighting. We have often before pointed out how groundless this apprehension is, if the arrangements for the light are carried out with common prudence and care; so that we need not go over this ground again—the more so because we are not aware that any complaint has been made by the surveyor to the Fire Offices of any of the details of the lighting arrangements. We have dwelt upon this matter because, as it seems to us, any such action as an attempt on the part of Insurance Companies to oppose the introduction of electric lighting in houses, shops, and places of public resort would be most shortsighted. We believe it is no secret that many of the Electric Lighting Companies are so convinced that this increase of the rate of insurance on the Crystal Palace is but the commencement of a crusade by the Insurance Companies against electric lighting, that they are taking into serious consideration the question of becoming insurers themselves. If this should not turn out to be *ultra vires*, they hope to be able shortly to offer to their customers to light their houses at so much a year, the charge to include fire insurance. Should such a scheme take any regular definite form, it will afford a most formidable competition to the Insurance Companies, and one which will probably force them to lower their rates for buildings lighted by electricity.

The class of telephones is very well represented at the Crystal Palace. Many systems are shown, but almost all consist of some modification of the Bell Telephone as a receiver, with either some form of the microphone of Professor Hughes or the carbon transmitter of Mr. Edison as a transmitting instrument. The Consolidated Telephone Company generally use as a receiver the Gower-Bell telephone. In this instrument a rather large diaphragm of ferrotype iron is used, to the centre of which a small soft iron armature is fixed, which is in contact with two soft iron cylinders, which are fixed to the poles of a powerful horse-shoe magnet. These cylinders are wound with coils of wire, through which the undulatory currents from the line pass, thus varying their magnetic intensity. The horse-shoe magnet, with its pole pieces, can be raised and lowered, so as to put more or less strain on the diaphragm, without wholly separating its armature from the pole pieces. This instrument, as is well known, is a "loud-speak-

ing" telephone; indeed, in a quiet room speech may be heard many feet away from the instrument. The only other form of loud-speaking telephone is Mr. Edison's instrument, which he is pleased to call the "Electromotograph." This is perhaps the loudest-speaking telephone which has yet been constructed; but, on account of its delicacy and the difficulty of keeping it in order, it does not seem to have come into practical use. In this highly ingenious instrument the power to vibrate the diaphragm is supplied either by hand or by clockwork, the current merely regulating how much of this power is used at any moment of time. The machine consists of a thin diaphragm, usually of talc; from the centre sticks out a light rod, the end of which rests on a little cylinder which can be turned round on its axis. The friction between the end of the rod and the cylinder tends to draw out the centre of the diaphragm, the current from the line passes between the cylinder and the rod, the cylinder dips into a saline solution, so that its surface is always wet. When a current passes the friction is diminished, and diminished in proportion to the strength of the current; thus the undulatory current from the line, by varying the friction, varies the pull on the centre of the diaphragm, and so reproduces speech. In the conservatory may be seen the little hut in which Professor Dolbear exhibited his form of telephone at the Paris International Electrical Exhibition; as yet there are no instruments shown, and the reason for this is one which is deeply to be regretted. For some time past there have been rumours of malicious damage to telephone and other wires at the Crystal Palace. On investigation it turns out that, as might be expected, there has been a good deal of exaggeration in the reports. Many instances of damage have occurred by people who have used the telephones not replacing them in the crutches provided for their support, and allowing them to drop, and so damaging the vulcanite cases of the instruments. Again, some of the lines which run through the Palace have not been protected, and have fallen victims to the destructive instinct of boys, a large number of which dangerous animals are allowed to be at large and not under proper control. But it is also only too true that many wires have been cut under the floor of the building, where only workmen in the employ of the exhibitors are allowed to go, and in these cases the cut ends have shown that the injury has been inflicted by persons accustomed to deal with electric lines. Every effort has been made by the management to detect the offenders; both the local and the metropolitan police have been on the watch, aided by a number of plain-clothes constables; but as yet the culprits have escaped detection. However, by closing securely all the entrances but one to the space beneath the floor, and obliging every one who goes down to sign a book, with the time of entry and of exit, these disgraceful proceedings have been effectually stopped; so that we may hope that Professor Dolbear may now be induced to show his most interesting instrument. He was good enough to read a paper on the subject at the Society of Telegraph Engineers and of Electricians a short time ago, and also to show his experiments at his office to all interested in the matter.

Although we described his instrument when it was exhibited at Paris, yet, as his newly explained results cannot be understood without a description of the form generally used, we must again give a short account of this form of telephone. Mr. Varley some years ago showed that if a condenser, formed of alternate sheets of tinfoil and paraffined paper, were included in the secondary circuit of an induction coil, and the primary circuit were interrupted by a musical tone acting on a Reiss telephone-transmitter, the tone was reproduced by the condenser. This arrangement has been so modified as to cause the condenser to reproduce speech by M. Herz in France. In this case, the cause of the sound is the production and release of a state of strain in the dielectric, and the amplitude of the vibrations, and hence the loudness of the sound, is small. And here also it has been usual to place the induction coil at the receiving end. So much to try to save the scientific reputation of England. Professor Dolbear's invention probably owes but little to that of Mr. Varley, and is certainly of great originality and merit. Instead of a condenser with a solid dielectric, he employs a condenser with elastic plates, and uses air as his dielectric. When this is included in the secondary circuit of an induction coil and the primary circuit is modified by a transmitter, which may be called either a modification of Reiss's or of the microphone according to the fancy of the describer, the elastic plates by their mutual attraction, brought about by their static charges, are actually thrown into vibrations of considerable amplitude, and speech is reproduced if anything more loudly than by the ordinary type of Bell telephone. Professor Dolbear places his induction coil at the sending end, so that the currents of high electro-motive force from the secondary circuit alone go out to the line; the advantage of this system being that for ordinary distances a much smaller line-wire may be used, and that with the usual type of line-wire the instrument will work satisfactorily over very long distances; and further, though the instrument is not quite independent of the induction from neighbouring wires, this source of interruption is less felt than with any other form of telephone. It is not even necessary to include both plates of the instrument in the circuit. If one plate be in connexion with the line, and the other with a metallic knob held in the hand, the body of the listener makes quite good enough "earth," and the telephone performs well. With this form a most remarkable experiment can be made. If the telephone be held to the ear, and the wire connecting it with the line be removed, so that there is no material connexion between the instrument and the line, sounds and even speech can still be heard, and only cease to be recognizable when

the space between the listener and the end of the line-wire has been increased to many feet. In this case the effect is due to static induction across the air as a dielectric. Mr. Willoughby Smith has discovered a similar effect, but in this case the cause is no doubt magnetic induction. He suspends a flat spiral of wire, through which the line current passes in the middle of a room. If now an observer takes an ordinary Bell telephone and puts it to his ear, sounds can be distinctly heard. If the telephone, instead of being quite free, is put in circuit with a flat spiral of wire, similar to that through which the line current passes, the sound is much louder. Professor Hughes has also hit upon some plan of hearing sounds in a perfectly detached telephone, but as yet he has not published his results. Whether these effects can be turned to practical account remains to be seen, but even in the experiments we have mentioned the results are most striking. It really seems like magic or witchcraft when, in a perfectly silent room, by putting a little instrument up to the ear without any wires or visible connection of any kind, loud sounds are immediately heard. Professor Dolbear has another form of his instrument which is very interesting; in this there is only one plate which is connected to the line, the requisite opposite charge to produce its movements being obtained by electrically exciting one of the sides of the vulcanite box in which it is placed by the simple process of rubbing it on the coat-sleeve. Before leaving the subject we may say that the hopes raised by theory that by Professor Dolbear's principle submarine cables could be worked telephonically for long distances seem about to be realized; some experiments have lately been made which have encouraged Professor Dolbear to make others, the results of which will shortly be published.

The last of Professor Sylvanus P. Thompson's lectures has been given, the subject being the electric transmission of energy. It is curious, with such a large field of scientific and interesting matter before him, that the Professor should have gone into his subject so very slightly, and should have devoted so much time to a curious social theory. Starting with the fact that, if electricity be distributed from large centres, small motors driven by the current would be as economical as large ones, Professor Thompson drew a picture of a perfect state of society, which may be described as a sort of socialistic mediaevalism. According to him, every workman would work at home, and the home would once more assert its proper influence and power. Large factories are to be destroyed, and thus the influences of capital and labour are to be brought to their proper balance.

THE SPANISH DEBT.

AMONG the many urgent measures of reform promised by the present Spanish Ministry when it came into office, the rearrangement of the debt was recognized by it as the most urgent. With a population of less than seventeen million souls, and with a foreign commerce of only about forty-one millions sterling a year, the debt of Spain amounted to over four hundred and twenty millions sterling. In other words, Spain, one of the poorest and most backward countries in Europe, had a debt amounting to about twenty-five pounds per head of the population, and its debt, moreover, was steadily growing. During the Carlist war Spain had to cease altogether the payment of interest on the debt. It is true that she funded the unpaid interest, giving bonds for it, and shortly after the end of the war she entered into an arrangement with her creditors, by which she engaged to pay one per cent. per annum on the nominal three per cent. debt, the interest to be increased by a quarter per cent. at fixed dates; and further it was provided that a fresh arrangement was to be negotiated after a while with the creditors. But, as a matter of fact, although Spain has since punctually paid the interest then promised, she has done so only by fresh borrowing. Like Turkey and so many other insolvent States, she was obliged to go on adding to her debt to meet the charges upon it, and in the Bank of Spain she had a convenient lender, who was always ready to accommodate her for a consideration. When Señor Sagasta came into office, he found the state of things to be as follows. A debt of over four hundred and twenty millions sterling constantly growing, because the revenue did not yield sufficient to defray the cost of the administration and also to pay the interest on the debt and maintain the sinking fund; a heavy floating debt, steadily growing, and every now and then being funded; a burdensome taxation not punctually paid; and the credit of the country at the lowest ebb. So irregular, indeed, was the collection of the revenue that it is said that over seventy thousand estates were in the hands of the Government, forfeited for non-payment of taxes. The weight of the taxation accounts to a large extent for this, and the anarchy, civil war, and distresses of various kinds through which the country has passed account also for much of it. But there can be little doubt that the people themselves were unwilling to fulfil their obligations to the Government, and that all sorts of devices were resorted to in order to defeat the tax collector. The administration itself, too, was most inefficient and most corrupt. Thus, with an oppressive weight of taxation, the revenue was constantly insufficient to meet the charges upon it. Señor Sagasta justly recognized that, if this state of things were allowed to go on, Spain would fall back more and more in civilization, and a fresh revolution must sooner or later become inevitable. Accordingly, he selected for his Finance Minister a man of ability who was earnestly anxious to place the finances in a satisfactory state,

and, as a first step thereto, he resolved to reduce considerably the principal of the debt.

The Spanish debt consisted of four different categories—the floating debt, the privileged debt, the internal debt, and the external debt. Señor Camacho, the Finance Minister, obtained an Act of Parliament last autumn authorizing him to enter into negotiations both with the internal and the external bondholders for a new compromise of their claims upon the Government; and a few months ago he was able to arrange with the floating debt, the privileged debt, and the internal debt creditors. They consented to an arrangement by which their various claims were all converted into a four per cent. internal debt, they receiving an additional amount of interest making up 1½ per cent. upon the old capital of the debt; while the advantage to Spain was that the principal of the internal debt was cut down 56½ per cent.; that is to say, while she pays a nominal interest of 4 per cent., the 4 per cent. really amounts to only 1½ per cent. on the old debt. And it was further provided that a sinking fund should be maintained to extinguish the debt in a fixed term of years. Lastly, to give assurance to the bondholders that the compromise would be carried out, it was arranged that the Bank of Spain should collect the revenue, and should itself retain a sufficient amount to pay the interest on the debt quarterly, and should hand over the interest regularly to the creditors. Having come to this arrangement with the native bondholders, Señor Camacho opened negotiations with the foreign bondholders, offering substantially the same terms that the former had agreed to accept; but the English bondholders have rejected them. It is understood that the bondholders would have accepted the conversion if Señor Camacho would have paid 2 per cent. instead of the 1½ per cent. offered; but he refused. He was unwilling to pay to the foreign bondholders more than the native bondholders had already agreed to accept; and he is also of opinion that Spain cannot afford to pay more than he offered. The English bondholders insisted upon another condition to which Señor Camacho strongly objected. It was that, instead of carrying out the conversion immediately, the old bonds should be lodged in some place of safety—the Bank of England, we believe, was proposed—to be kept there for seven years as a test of the sincerity of Spain in her new proposals. If the new compromise were strictly carried out for the seven years, then the bondholders would have consented to have the old bonds cancelled, and to receive the new Four per Cent. bonds. But, if Spain made default within the seven years, the old bonds were to be returned to the holders, and their claims were to revive to the full amount of capital and the old three per cent. interest due upon it. The Spanish Government indignantly rejected this proposal, as impugning the honour of the country; and Señor Camacho immediately proceeded on the meeting of the Cortes to introduce a Bill by which he takes power to convert the debt on the terms proposed by himself to the foreign bondholders; but he leaves it optional with the bondholders to accept the conversion or not. The option, however, will hardly be real; for a sinking fund is to be provided to extinguish the new Four per Cent. bonds, whereas no sinking fund is to be applied to the old bonds held by those who reject the conversion. And, as it is in the highest degree improbable that those who reject the conversion will ever get a higher rate of interest than the 1½ per cent., which is now paid to them, they will see themselves at a double disadvantage—they will receive a lower rate of interest than those who convert, and they will be deprived of the advantage of a sinking fund. Moreover, they will be in danger of having their interest stopped first, in case Spain should at any time find it inconvenient to continue the payment of interest on her debt. They will have the advantage, of course, of retaining their old bonds, and of being able to prevent Spain from borrowing abroad if she should treat them unfairly in any way. But that advantage can hardly be considered equal to the practical advantages which conversion offers. It seems probable, therefore, that the conversion scheme may ultimately be accepted under compulsion by the bondholders.

The course adopted by Señor Camacho is not calculated to restore the low credit of Spain. We believe that he is honestly desirous to fulfil to the best of his ability the engagements his country has entered into. But we are sure that the means he has adopted will discredit Spain still further. As we have seen, a conversion carried through in the manner he proposes, though nominally voluntary, is really compulsory, since those who reject it will be placed at a great disadvantage compared with those who accept it. But although the bondholders may be compelled to accept the terms offered them, those terms are in themselves objectionable; and it seems to us that the bondholders were fully justified in rejecting them. In the first place, it is to be recollected that Spain has many times already compromised with her creditors. She does not come before them, therefore, with clean hands, and the creditors were justified in requiring proof that she would carry out whatever engagements she now enters into. For a Government like that of Spain to affect to be insulted because the foreign creditors doubted its intention or ability to fulfil its promises is ridiculous. The foreign creditors have every right to doubt its intention; and, indeed, would be silly if they did not entertain grave doubts upon the subject. Besides, it would be really for the advantage of Spain herself, if the proposal made by the Committee of Bondholders had been accepted. Spain has suffered because she has found it possible to borrow more than she was able to pay, and it would be a benefit to her now if for a while the money markets of

Europe were closed against her. The danger is that when she carries through Señor Camacho's conversion scheme, she will bring out a great loan to develop the resources of the country by making railways and other public works, and that thus she will fall back into a state as bad as that from which Señor Camacho hopes to rescue her. The sacrifice the bondholders will make will not benefit the taxpayers of Spain, and will only expose other investors, if other investors are foolish enough to trust her again, to the treatment which the creditors of Spain have heretofore experienced. The bondholders have it in their power, however, if they refuse to convert, to prevent Spain from raising foreign loans. As long as a country does not fulfil its engagements, the Stock Exchanges of Europe will exclude its loans from quotation, and no capitalist will be found to bring out loans which cannot be dealt in upon the Bourses. It is to be hoped that some few at least of the bondholders will be public-spirited enough to refuse the conversion, and thus to exclude Spain from the loan markets of Europe for many years to come. It has been objected that Spain will be able to go on borrowing whether this is done or not; that the Bank of Spain will lend to her, and that after a little while the floating debt thus incurred will be funded, and will be added to the debt of the country. No doubt this is true, and, as a matter of fact, for years past the debt of Spain has been growing in this way. But then the debt is thus incurred by the Spanish Government to its own subjects, and if Spaniards choose to lend to their Government it is their own look-out. Loans raised in that way are not contributed by the investing classes of Europe, and they, at least, are protected. The Bank of Spain and the other capitalists who lend in the manner referred to know very well how to take care of their own interests. They are sure to repay themselves in some form or other, else the Government would not be able to borrow from them, no matter in what difficulties it might find itself. But the investing public of Europe generally cannot protect its interests in this way. If it lends to a Government like that of Spain, it is liable at any moment to see its interest cut down, and then the principal, and thus to suffer in both directions. The proper course for Señor Camacho to have taken would have been to carry out the arrangement of 1876 in its spirit. By that arrangement the Spanish Government bound itself to pay 1 per cent. for a certain number of years; then to pay 1½ per cent., and then to make a new convention. Had Señor Camacho offered to increase the rate of interest in whatever proportion he believed Spain could afford, his proposal would have been readily accepted by the bondholders. They would have retained their old bonds, and would have had a prospect, as Spain grew richer, of seeing their rate of interest rise gradually; but, as it is now, the old bonds are required to be given up, and the rate of interest will never be increased. Neither is it very clear that Spain is unable to pay more than is offered. When Señor Camacho came into office, the service of the debt cost about 12¼ millions sterling; it has since increased to about 13¼ millions sterling. The new arrangement will save three millions sterling or somewhat more, which is, no doubt, a very considerable saving for Spain. Moreover, the whole debt, supposing the sinking fund to be maintained intact, and no fresh borrowing to be made, will be extinguished in a certain number of years. But it is to be recollected that Spain is in natural resources one of the richest countries in Europe; that her trade has been considerably growing of late years; and that with good government the prosperity of the country would rapidly increase. The taxes are not paid now, partly, no doubt, because the country is poor, and partly also because the inefficiency of the administration and the general anarchy of the country have accustomed the people to evade their obligations. If the administration were purified and rendered efficient, and if the system of taxation were reformed, the revenue would soon become elastic, and after a while the income would be found to balance the expenditure. Señor Camacho, it is true, has given an earnest of his sincerity by increasing the taxation twenty or twenty-five per cent., but a nominal addition to taxes which were already badly paid is of little practical value, and in fact the opposition to the new taxes all over Spain has been very great, and it is feared even now that the irritation thus caused may lead to the fall of Señor Camacho.

REVIEWS.

GREEN'S MAKING OF ENGLAND.*

THIS new work by Mr. Green, *The Making of England*, may be compared and contrasted with that by Mr. Elton, *The Origins of English History*, which we noticed some little time ago. Roughly speaking, one might almost say that Mr. Green begins where Mr. Elton leaves off. This would not indeed be a strictly accurate statement; their subjects do in fact overlap. But still Mr. Elton is nearly at the end of his work when he arrives at that English Conquest which for Mr. Green is the beginning of all things. It is true that the latter writer gives between twenty and thirty pages to Roman Britain, but it is merely as the scene in which the action of his drama takes place. In a sentence

* *The Making of England*. By John Richard Green, M.A., LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. With Maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

little altered from its old familiar form—for when Mr. Green has once said a thing as he thinks it ought to be said, he scorns what he calls “the affectation” of rewriting “for the mere sake of giving it an air of novelty”—he tells us, “With the landing of Hengest and his war-band English history begins.” Unlike Mr. Elton, he feels no call to trouble himself about Stone Ages and Bronze Ages, long skulls and broad skulls, or to settle the ethnological affinities of Silurians or Picts, Celts or Belgians; and he accepts the existence of the Britons without inquiring how many or how few races may have been included under that name. He disclaims any intention of attempting, in his introductory pages, to write a history of Roman Britain. “Such a history, indeed,” he thinks, “can hardly be attempted with any profit till the scattered records of researches amongst the roads, villas, tombs, etc., of this period have been in some way brought together and made accessible.” His present work has sprung out of an old project of his for writing a history of England down to the Norman Conquest. The preparation of the well-known *Short History*, and its subsequent revision and expansion, interrupted this work; and all will regret to learn that the state of Mr. Green’s health now forbids the full carrying out of his first design. He has had to content himself with completing the history of what he calls “the period of the Making of England, the age during which our fathers conquered and settled over the soil of Britain, and in which their political and social life took the form which it still retains”—in short, the period from the English Conquest of Britain to the union of England under Egbert. It is his special mission to direct attention to the interest and importance of those years of struggles, which, he laments, are “still to most Englishmen, as they were to Milton, mere battles of kites and of crows.”

Whether or not Mr. Green has succeeded in setting these struggles in a truer and more interesting light, he, as in duty bound, leaves it to his readers to decide. Doubtless it is not without secret confidence in a favourable issue that he awaits the verdict, for his skill in dealing with the period in question has already been generally and amply acknowledged. He tells us indeed that “the greatest living authority on our early history” warned him at the outset “against the attempt to construct a living portraiture of times which so many previous historians, themselves men of learning and ability, had left dead.” But Mr. Green has gone his own way notwithstanding, and none of his readers are likely to regret it. In carrying out his idea, he has availed himself largely of resources which have hitherto, as he thinks, been unduly neglected. Archaeological researches on the sites of villas and towns, or along the line of roads and dykes, will often, he remarks, supply evidence as good as that of written chronicles, or better; and physical geography, a favourite study of his, may be made to do much in illustrating human history. And when we turn to books, there is, he thinks, an almost unworked mine even in the well-read pages of *Bæda*. “Freely as he has been used for the ecclesiastical and political history of his time, the social information which lies scattered up and down his work has been left comparatively untouched.”

Slight as is the sketch of Roman Britain, it is full of interest. There is a happy touch in the description of Britain as “a Roman Algeria”; and Mr. Green’s method of utilizing the evidence of archaeology may be illustrated by citing his remark:—“The care with which every villa is furnished with its elaborate system of hot-air flues shows that the climate of Britain was as intolerable to the Roman provincial as that of India, in spite of punkahs and verandas, is to the English civilian or the English planter.” On the same principle he makes use of the evidence—negative as well as positive—of inscriptions:—“It is a significant fact that the bulk of the monuments which have been found in Britain relate to military life. Its inscriptions and tombs are mostly those of soldiers.” “Large and important as were some of its towns, hardly any inscriptions have been found to tell of the presence of a vigorous municipal life.” Nor does he allow much more vitality, at least during the Roman age, to the British Church, on which so much has been written, and of which we in truth know so little:—

When Christianity became the religion of the Empire under the house of Constantine, Britain must have become nominally Christian; and the presence of British bishops at ecclesiastical councils is enough to prove that its Christianity was organized in the ordinary form. But as yet no Christian inscription or ornament has been found in any remains of earlier date than the close of the Roman rule; and the undoubted existence of churches at places such as Canterbury, or London, or St. Albans, only gives greater weight to the fact that no trace of such buildings has been found in the sites of other cities which have been laid open by archaeological research.

The physical condition of Britain, with its moors and fens and vast forests, is vividly described; and there is another good touch in the following sentence:—“To realize the Britain of the Roman age we must set before us the Poland or Northern Russia of our own; a country into whose tracts of forest-land man is still hewing his way, and where the clearings round town or village hardly break the reaches of silent moorlands or as silent fens.”

From the Britons we pass to the Saxons, in their early days of sea-roving and slave-hunting. Here Sidonius supplies Mr. Green with a description which ought to delight Mr. Grant Allen, who is always angrily impressing upon us what brutes the primitive English were. But Mr. Green, at any rate when he deals with these far-off times, is of a tolerant and widely appreciative spirit, and describes his Saxons with as much calm as a naturalist describes a tiger. Their especial cruelty however—the slaying of one captive out of ten—per sequeles et cruciarias

pœnas,” which Mr. Green conjectures to be akin to that form of vivisection practised, under the playful name of the “spread-eagle,” by the later Northmen—was admittedly a religious rite, and must be classed with other painful developments of the universal idea of sacrifice. The author repeats his former efforts to combat the common notion that the Britons were given like sheep for the slaughter into the hands of these and other adversaries. “Few statements are more false than those which picture the British provincials as cowards, or their struggle against the barbarian as a weak and unworthy one. Nowhere, in fact, through the whole circuit of the Roman world, was so long and so desperate a resistance offered to the assaults of the Empire.” Of these assailants the Saxons and their congeners probably seemed the least formidable, as Mr. Green infers from the Britons turning to them for mercenary aid. He is constant in his allegiance to the main lines of the legend of Hengest and Horsa, though he admits that there is a mythical element in some of the early entries in the Chronicle—as in the cases of Port and Wightgar, of which Mr. Grant Allen makes so much—and that there are perhaps traces of an artificial chronology. By speaking of the “legend” of the Jutish conquest he guards himself against positively asserting as an article of faith that the invaders came in three “keels” and no more—Mr. Grant Allen’s “ridiculously inadequate number.” But he accepts the date of 449 or 450, and the landing at Ebbsfleet—scepticism on this latter point indeed would deprive him of one of his prettiest bits of “word-painting”—and he treats Hengest as an historical person, without troubling himself with any of those doubts which are inspired in Mr. Elton’s mind by Hengest’s tendency to ubiquity. Though he rejects the theories which represent the Saxon pirates as having effected, long before the close of the Roman rule, a settlement along the “Saxon Shore”—a name which, as every one knows, will bear two opposite interpretations—he afterwards rather hesitatingly admits the possibility of a very early settlement of Frisians in the valley of the Tweed. He is in the main a disciple of the school of Dr. Guest and Mr. Freeman, but he by no means follows either master unreservedly; and in an elaborate note at p. 306 on the Bretwaldadom, he disputes one of the latter historian’s favourite theories.

That picturesque descriptions and charming bits of narrative abound in Mr. Green’s pages is only what he has taught us to expect; most charming of all are the stories gathered from the lives and legends of saints, Irish and Teutonic. Of the especial merit of the book—the skill with which the author has carried out his plan of making physical geography supplement history—it is not possible to give any adequate idea by means of brief extracts. The chief faults we have to find are a want of condensation and a tendency to repetition. Artistically, the re-introduction, with but slight variations, of passages from previous works is a mistake, as this alone would create a feeling in the reader that he is always hearing the same thing over and over again. Two of the bits which we recognize might with advantage have been reconsidered. There is that odd one about the *lat*, who “in the modern sense of freedom . . . was free enough,” and whose “life and limb were as secure as the coarl’s—*save as against his lord*”—an exception which disposes of his pretensions to be “free enough” in any modern sense. A similar inconsistency occurs in the passage on slavery, where Mr. Green first tells us that “stripes and bonds were rare; if the slave was slain, it was by an angry blow, not by the lash”; then, only a few lines further on, and seemingly still with reference to the same period, that “if guilty of wrong-doing, ‘his skin paid for him’ under his master’s lash. If he fled . . . when caught he might be flogged to death.” On reaching the period for which *Bæda’s Ecclesiastical History* is the chief authority, we notice a few manifestations of Mr. Green’s tendency to improve upon his original. Thus he tells us, citing book and chapter, that

at the pressure of Oswald he [Penda] murdered Eadfrid, the second son of Eadwine by his Mercian wife Quenburh, who had for a while found refuge at his court.

We turn to the passage of *Bæda* referred to, and we find “at the pressure of Oswald” represented by “regnante Osualdo,” which, though it may convey an innuendo, is on the face of it merely a method of indicating the date. In compensation to Oswald, Mr. Green credits him in his death-hour with the most elevated Christian sentiment:—

His last words showed how deeply the spirit of the new faith was telling on the temper of Englishmen. The last thought of every northern warrior as he fell had till now been a hope that kinsmen would avenge his death upon his slayers. The King’s last words, as he saw himself girt about with bloodthirsty foes, passed into a proverb: “God have mercy on their souls, as Oswald said ere he fell.”

This clearly implies that Oswald’s prayer was for his slayers. But in *Bæda* it is for the souls of his own men, and not of his heathen foes, that Oswald prays:—

Nam cum armis et hostibus circumseptus, jamjamque videret se esse perimendum, oravit pro animabus exercitus sui. Unde dicunt in proverbio: “Deus miserere animabus, dixit Osuald cadens in terram.”

We might go on to criticize Mr. Green’s account of Sigebert of East-Anglia, where again he has introduced a touch not to be found in the original; but we forbear. In the interests of historic accuracy however, when we come upon “the forest where the Prior of Alverscroft hunted in later days with hawk and hound, or where Ascham found Lady Jane Grey busy with her Plato,” we must remark that Ascham has expressly declared that he found Lady Jane “in her chamber.” Mr. Green will mislead the artists,

and we shall be having pictures of the fair Platonist a-reading, like George Barnwell's uncle, "all among the crows and rooks."

It will be observed that Mr. Green has, contrary to his former practice, given references, and has thereby greatly increased the value of his work. Time fails us to do more than mention the elaborate series of maps in which he traces "the boundaries of the various English powers at different epochs." Though this book cannot be expected to be as popular as the *Short History*—for the average man is likely to shrink from a whole volume on what Canon Stubbs still permits him to call the Heptarchy—we believe that students will rate it as high as, if not indeed higher than, any of Mr. Green's former works.

THE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY.*

THE new edition of this well-known Dictionary has advanced as far as the letter K inclusive. As letters A to K require two volumes, we may reasonably expect that the whole will be completed in five volumes, or perhaps four. Mr. Charles Annandale, the editor, informs us that he has been ten years preparing the new edition. Littré, we believe, was thirteen years collecting the materials for his great work; but, in fact, the man who proposes to make, compile, or edit a dictionary of any language with a long history and a great literature must be content to make it the work of his life. Some forty thousand words or entries have been added, the total number now comprised amounting to about a hundred and thirty thousand. The additional words are mostly those newly coined, chiefly of Latin and Greek roots, for the growing wants of new sciences, new arts, and new developments of older arts and sciences. There are, however, many which belong to the field of thought rather than of action. How these get introduced or coined for some special purpose; how they grow into wider circulation, with an extended meaning; how, sometimes, the first meaning gets corrupted or lost, is a study that belongs less to Mr. Annandale than to Mr. Murray and the Philological Society. Nevertheless, it would be a very curious exercise to set a few passages from certain contemporary writers—it would be invidious to specify any—for translation into English in which no word should be of later date than Addison. Some of these new words are distinct gains to the language, affording the differentiation of thought impossible by the ruder machinery of old English. Cardinal Newman, we believe, once complained that theology suffers from the exigencies of rhyme in English hymns. Some, however, are needless affectations, and will probably die out and be forgotten, or pass into the region of synonyms.

The *Imperial Dictionary* illustrates the growth and progress of dictionaries. First of all, a dictionary is compiled simply to contain the words in general use and those known in literature, and to give their meanings; it then extends its aim and admits scientific, technical, antiquarian words; then demands are made upon it for the admission of old words, local and provincial words, obsolete words. Beside the great dictionaries there arise glossaries, lexicons, and smaller dictionaries; there is no part of England but has its local glossary; there are Shakespeare dictionaries; dictionaries of synonyms; old English dictionaries; dictionaries of architecture, botany, and all kinds of sciences; technical and trade dictionaries. Not only must the meaning of a word be given, but also its derivation; then its earliest meaning; next its secondary meanings; lastly, its use in literature. In other words, the object of the dictionary compiler must be to make his work encyclopædic within limits, historical within limits, and even a concordance within limits. Thus Mr. Annandale tells us that he attempts to "register and explain the various meanings which are or have been attached to words by writers both new and old, to explain idiomatic phrases and peculiar constructions, and to distinguish obsolete from current meanings." This is a laudable intention which, if it had been fully carried out, would have rendered Dr. Murray's labours useless. It is of course known to our readers that the Philological Society's Dictionary proposes to contain all words which have ever been used in English books, with their meanings and references to passages where they have been used. If now we compare the word *castle* as treated by Dr. Murray on the one hand—in his specimen page—and by Mr. Annandale on the other, we arrive at a fair conclusion as to the difference between a really scientific dictionary and a popular dictionary which endeavours to be as scientific as its limits will allow. Mr. Annandale gives first its derivation and then four meanings—namely (1) a fortress; this sense is illustrated by a picture and a brief account of a mediæval castle. We may here remark that there are other castles besides those built six hundred years ago; and it seems unfair to pick out one kind only for illustration and description. There are Roman castles, Egyptian castles, Chinese castles—even castles in Spain. (2) The word *castle* is applied to a great house; (3) to a building forward or aft in a vessel, and (4) to a piece in chess. As regard phrases derived from the word, there is the well-known process of building castles in the air. And the word is used as a verb in chess. Two or three quotations from Shakespeare, Coke, and the Earl of Stirling are introduced in illustration, but they do not seem to illustrate anything beyond the fact that in Queen Elizabeth's time a castle meant a fortress. Thus

far the *Imperial Dictionary*. If now we turn to the specimen page put forth by the Philological Society, we find that the word has, at different times, appeared under various forms; that it entered England by two channels—namely, by way of Latin in its late sense of *village*, and by Norman-French in its modern meaning. It was pronounced *castel* as late as the fourteenth century. Seven meanings are attached to the word, with references to each. We learn from them that the word was used in the sense of a village as late as the latter half of the sixteenth century. "He entered into a certain castle, where a certain woman called Martha made him a dinner" (T. Becon, *Christ's Chron.* 1564). The other meanings are (2) a fortress; (3) a camp, with references to the fourteenth and fifteenth century; (4) the raised part on the deck of a ship; (5) a tower of wood borne by an elephant; (6) a kind of close helmet—it is strange that this meaning should have escaped Mr. Annandale's notice, as the word is used by both Shakespeare and Holinshed—and (7) a piece in chess. For phrases and derived words we have "to build castles in Spain," "castle come-down," "castle garth," "castle stead," "castle boone," and others. We do not contend that a popular dictionary should give so full an account of a word as the Dictionary of a Philological Society; but we have shown, in comparing the treatment of the same word in the two Dictionaries, that there is one very important fact in the history of the word omitted in the *Imperial Dictionary*—namely, its double introduction into the language; and that there are two very important meanings overlooked—namely, *castle* in the sixteenth century for *village*, and *castle* at the same time used by Shakespeare for a kind of helmet. At the same time, to ordinary readers there can be no doubt that all the information they want is to be found in the *Imperial Dictionary*; they only see mediæval castles, and it is instructive to be told what were the principal parts of a castle, and what they were called, with a picture to explain where they were placed.

The Dictionary, as stated above, aims at being, within its limits, an encyclopædia; not only is every word set down, derived, and explained, but an account is appended supplying information upon subjects which a bare definition would not make clear. The encyclopædic character of the *Imperial Dictionary*, indeed, constitutes its principal and its distinctive value. For ordinary purposes it will be found to give information on almost every point, which seems to us, so far as it has been possible to examine the work, trustworthy. Thus, under the word *bail*, we find not only a definition, but also a short and tolerably complete account of the law as regards bail; under the word *boat* we find the various kinds of boat belonging to a ship of war and a merchant vessel, together with the law as to the number of boats ordered to be provided for any ship which carries passengers. The word *complement* is treated in its mathematical and musical senses; the word *cross* affords an opportunity of showing all the various forms of cross used in art; fourteen are enumerated and represented. Again, such words as *architecture*, *geology*, *geometry*, and the like are provided each with a little treatise, which, if it does not enable the reader to call himself a scientific architect, a geologist, or a geometrician, will serve to correct his ignorance as regards the elementary aims and meaning of the science. We must not forget that the chief use of a popular dictionary is to answer all questions that may be asked of it, so that he who wishes to understand an argument which is illustrated by references to things he knows nothing about, or is couched in words too hard for him, may consult his dictionary, and so go on his way rejoicing. For this reason, we suppose, the number of technical words has been so largely increased. It would be presumptuous to pretend to know better than Mr. Annandale what words belonging to anatomy, chemistry, archaeology, or the like should be chosen for insertion, and what should be omitted. On the face of it, we do not, for instance, see the use of inserting the word *abolla*—Juvenal's "*facinus majoris abolla*" is referred to—because students of Juvenal would not be likely to seek help in an English dictionary, nor is it likely that persons ignorant of Latin would try to understand the distinctions of Roman military dress. Nor, again, does it strike us that many persons are likely to be confronted with such words as *dropax*—"a depilatory"; or *carbivate of potassium*; or *goliathus*; or many others which we find in these pages. But then the editor has doubtless a good reason for picking these words out from the purely scientific and technical glossaries to which they belong. It would seem, indeed, as if criminal trials, new discoveries, new processes, may at any time bring the most obscure of chemical compounds or scientific terms into common use and everyday speech. Wherefore it behoves an editor to admit as many such as he conveniently can.

It remains to say a few words about the illustrations, concerning which the editor is apparently proud. The first requisite for such small illustrations as are here given is that they should be drawn only in explanation of such things as without such drawings would be partly unintelligible. In most cases this rule is very well observed. Thus the short descriptive account of a glacier is very greatly helped by the drawing which accompanies it; the natural history and botanical figures which abound seem executed with fidelity, so far as is allowed by the very small space at the artist's disposal; and the technical illustrations, so far as they go, are most useful; for instance, on the same page, we find under the word *hitch* a little collection of hitch knots, which ought to go straight to a boy's heart; and to illustrate the word *hive* there is a drawing of an improved kind of beehive. Exception, of course, might be taken to some of the drawings

* The *Imperial Dictionary of the English Language: a Complete Encyclopædic Lexicon*. By John Ogilvie, LL.D. New Edition, carefully revised and greatly augmented. Edited by Charles Annandale, M.A. Vols. I. and II. London: Blackie & Son. 1882.

as needless; yet, as we said before, there is no telling what subject, what phrase, what scientific term may not come to the front, and for a while be in all men's mouths. Wherefore we may conclude by saying that a plain man might do worse than lay out his money on the new edition of the *Imperial Dictionary*.

IN THE DISTANCE.*

THE usual fault of American novels is the presence of an atmosphere of simmering flirtation. Every man is more or less "interested" in every young woman, and every young woman is balancing the merits of every man. Probably a good many young persons do pass a good deal of their time in this way, but the perpetual description of it becomes a little unpleasant. The American novelist is altogether too much occupied with "young girls," as they are always called. He shows an almost unholy acquaintance with the psychology of young girls. Mr. Lathrop, in the novel before us, takes us into a young girl's dressing-room, and talks about her little decorative arrangements, and informs us that his heroine occasionally powdered her face. This is not psychology, but it is almost *naturalisme*. But we are thankful to say that his interest afterwards becomes diverted, more or less, from his young girl, and he even entertains his readers with a murder. Before going on to criticize his murder (a very crude and even debased example of the art), we must say that his book has one of the qualities as well as the common defects of American fiction. We always forgive the too minute study of the young girl in the masterpieces of Transatlantic fiction, for the sake of the careful style and quiet humour which distinguish these works from too many of our own hastily cobbled romances. Mr. Lathrop has not the wit of Mr. Howells, or Mr. James, or the anonymous author of *Democracy*; but he writes with care, and makes some points in his dialogue. He has apparently invented the word *orotund*, derived, it may be guessed, from *ore rotundo*, and we cannot admire the invention. He has a very amusing character—an old woman, Mrs. Pride, who uses odd words either of her own manufacture or derived from some local dialect. "Per-nicketty" is common enough in Scotland, if not in England, but to "skirtle a thing round in one's mind" seems original, and so do "quirky" and he didn't feel quite "chirk." We know "chirk" as a verb—

Ye chirk as starlings newly fed—

but not as an adjective.

Mr. Lathrop's book has also the merit, though we cannot praise it as a story, of describing singular phases of life in the United States. That "boarding-house civilization" is almost as strange to us as the society of the Chukches or the Tipperahs. We first meet his characters in a place called the Cleft, from which you have a view of a mountain. The mountain itself is a kind of chorus, as it would have been in Mr. Dickens's later romances. It looks friendly, or ominous, or admonishing, or what not, as occasion serves. The hush about it in the first page is "charged with a sense of profound beginnings." The hill is "the image of a dim futurity." As a rule, nothing worth mentioning ever happens in "high-toned" American novels; but we see at once that something is to happen in *In the Distance*. You don't have a sense of profound beginnings and an image of a dim futurity for nothing. Still less are you impressed as "with a deep strain of music" to no purpose. One feels that a forgery, an abduction, incendiarism, or perhaps even murder, is in the wind. Then when the reader is getting rather bored with profound beginnings, and is wishing that something would begin, Mr. Lathrop introduces a stage-coach, and a young man looking at it:—

Looking down the rounded surface of the road, he saw the ears of two horses rising above its upward slope towards him, and at this he made haste to get behind some black birches that fringed the fence beside the ragged cleft. The ears, with a jerk forward, were developed into heads, bringing into view behind them a section of dull red roof belonging to a stage-coach. In like manner the driver was enlarged from a dingy bust of himself into a full-length figure, slightly doubled up as to his knees from his position on the box; and with him appeared three young people—Edith, daughter of the theological professor Archdale, in the college at Marie; Mr. Ravling, lawyer; and Richard Whitcot, civil engineer.

Observe the accuracy of this description. The stage-coach did not come up hill backwards. The tails of the horses did not appear first.

Too long, cry the carts, have the horses before us
Unjust and unworthy precedence obtained,

says the poet; but Mr. Lathrop's Republican cart advances in the usual way. As for the horses, they were like the beasts in *Rejected Addresses*—

their tails hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

The people in the stage-coach were, as we have seen, Edith (first young girl), with two of her lovers, Ravling and Whitcot. The young man who met them was Burlen, theological student, and third lover, though he rapidly develops into first lover. In the States, perhaps, it is usual for young girls to make excursions with their three lovers, and with Yuba Bill, or any other stage coach-driver, for chaperon. Beautiful Arcadian manners—happy, though distant, West! By another license of American manners, "Young Burlen is going up to Savage's Mills, to board at the same place

with Miss Archdale and her aunt this summer." One can imagine "each maid of free aspiring mind" parodying the *Anti-Jacobin*, and crying "What Massachusetts is, let England be." That is, as the authors of the *Anti-Jacobin* explain in a note, may the manners and customs of England be brought into accordance with those of Massachusetts.

We need not linger over Burlen's success when he recites a prize essay on enthusiasm, or dwell on the voluptuous charms of Edith—"Her largely moulded arms were bare, and from a soft turbulence of white lawn, her calm full throat emerged with an effect of girlish stateliness. From one shoulder a chain of airy wrought flowers trailed," with an agreeable decorative effect. But to come to business. Nobody knew what Burlen's past had been. He was apparently the son of his own works, especially of the sermon on enthusiasm. But he revealed to Mr. Archdale that his father had been a village blacksmith. Unlike the artisan celebrated by that amiable poet whom we are regretting, Mr. Burlen senior was a dissipated character. His wife died, his daughter ran away, his son became the author of an essay on enthusiasm. Somewhat shocked by these revelations, Mr. Archdale hinted that Mr. Burlen junior had better not make love to Edith while they were boarding at Savage's Mills. He then permitted him to go and live in rural retirement with his charming daughter and a "fragile and inadequate" aunt. The most amusing and unfamiliar part of the book is the description of the life of "summer boarders," of city people who share the rude dough-nut and unsophisticated mince-pie of nature's children in the wilds. All the characters, all three lovers, Burlen, Whitcot, and Ravling, meet at the upland village of Savage's Mills. Then mysteries begin, only the mysteries are too transparent. In our opinion, if you are to have a murder in a novel, it cannot be too carefully managed. The best plan is to start with it in the first chapter, or as soon as possible, and work back to the discovery of the criminal. But Mr. Lathrop "bottles" his murder, as bad whist-players bottle the ace of trumps. Yet all the while every one knows he has the murder in his hand, and its effect is thus discounted. It is worse than a crime, this murder; it is an artistic blunder. Mr. Lathrop manages it thus, and the feebleness of handling will be apparent to the merest neophyte in novel-writing. Whitcot, one of Edith's three wooers, is made out to be rather a pleasant harmless young fool at first. But he accidentally learns that Burlen's father has been a blacksmith. All the civil engineer boils in his veins. What, a mere plebeian woo the lovely daughter of Mr. Archdale! Perhaps civil engineers are the aristocracy of the States. Mr. Lowe used to speak very highly of them in England, not so much, however, by reason of their noble birth, but rather because of their ignorance of the classics. To return to Whitcot, he has noticed a wild, handsome girl of thirty, Ida Hiss, a "help" in the country boarding-house, and he has been dogged by a mysterious, jealous lover of Ida's. This lover is named Rudyard, and we quite fail to make out his personality, "who the devil he is, and what the devil he wants," as the Welsh preacher said in a sermon on our ghostly foe. However, we naturally spot the furtive, gloomy, homicidal man as the murderer in the story. The rest is equally simple. Edith and Burlen meet, like Paris and Cænone, on the mountain-side. They talk of geology and theology, and we have a sketch of the mountain's history in the popular manner of Mr. Grant Allen. The sketch is very nicely done. Then the pair plight their affections, and their engagement becomes known. Whitcot, jealous and haughty as a true civil engineer, reveals to Edith the awful secret of Burlen's birth, and of the character of his long-lost sister Thyra (or Phyras) now identified as Ida Hiss. This vexes Edith a good deal; and Burlen has an altercation in a lonely place, where some one overheard everything, with Whitcot. Then Burlen went to bathe, and Whitcot plunged into full Dickensism:—

He looked around several times, to see if Robert was following him. Was there not a sound of footsteps, as on that well-remembered first evening, behind him or off there at the side, behind the underbrush? Stand still, Whitcot! Listen!

No; nothing but the foolish antics of the wind. It has come suddenly and is blundering through the wood, rattling a few dry boughs, and picking up the dead leaves in loose handfuls to throw them after the lonely walker in a feeble kind of mimic wrath. But see how it stirs the branches above him, causing them to nudge one another with uncouth mystery! One long, cloaked arm seems to take hold of another long, cloaked arm, and all beckon and point together as if moved by the presence, in the secret places here, of some dreadful, shadowy thing not to be named. Whitcot, Whitcot! Don't you see that it is time to get back to the road?

This, of course, is a mere *pastiche* of the worst things in the worst manner of Dickens. We will not insult the intelligence of the reader by telling how Burlen was accused of the murder of Whitcot, or how Ida Hiss was made to give evidence against Rudyard by dint of a talisman produced in court—a pin set with the hair of her deceased mother. Mr. Lathrop should leave murders alone if he cannot "run" them better than he does in this novel. People interested in the fate of Ravling, Burlen, Edith, and the rest, may find out the conclusion for themselves. We confess that we are quite unconcerned about the fortunes of these fragile and inadequate characters. The only thing of any value in the story is the description of rural characters and scenes. The rural court of justice is very funny, and surely very informal. It is strange that while this ill-constructed story is republished, no English firm brings out that admirably witty story of Washington life and political society—*Democracy*.

* *In the Distance: an American Story*. By G. P. Lathrop. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

SIMCOX'S BEGINNINGS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

THESE lectures on the Apostolic age were originally delivered in the "Chapter Room of Winchester Cathedral," but have been considerably enlarged, as the author informs us, for publication. He has also taken the opportunity of "altering a few colloquialisms"; it would have been as well if he had altered a good many more, sufficiently out of place in delivery, especially within the precincts of a Cathedral, and still more incongruous in print. It is a little odd, for instance, to be told in a grave work on Church history—whether rightly or wrongly we need not pause to inquire—that a Roman proconsul was an "awful prig." But the constant use of what to most readers will look like vulgar slang is not the only or the worst fault Mr. Simcox might advantageously have corrected in preparing his lectures for the press. He tells us that the postponement of publication has enabled him to read three recent books bearing on his subject—namely, the Bishop of Lincoln's *Church History*, Dean Stanley's *Christian Institutions*, and Mr. Hatch's *Hampton Lectures*, but he seems to imply that he has not learnt very much from them and has preferred to rely on more familiar authorities. At this we are not surprised; from Dean Stanley and Mr. Hatch at all events he would be sure to gather a superabundance of ingenious fancies but a minimum of authentic fact. What does strike us as so strange that it would appear incredible if it were not true, is that in writing on the Apostolic age he should have systematically ignored, and should to all appearance be wholly ignorant of, what may be called the standard work on the subject of our own day, written by one of the greatest living authorities, if not the greatest, on Church history. We mean of course Dr. Döllinger's *First Age of the Church* (*Christenthum und Kirche*). It is possible, though it would be a serious disqualification for the task he has undertaken, that Mr. Simcox may not read German, but even that would not serve to explain his neglect or ignorance of a work which has passed through several editions in an English translation. The fact however remains that, while—as was inevitable in dealing with the same period—he is constantly coming across questions which Dr. Döllinger has carefully discussed, he never makes the slightest reference to him, and decides them, often peremptorily enough and sometimes in a quite opposite sense, without any notice or seemingly any knowledge of the arguments or authorities of the great German divine. Of this remarkable peculiarity of the book we shall give some examples presently. Meanwhile there are one or two other points besides the suppression of what he euphemistically calls "colloquialisms" in which we could wish the author had carried out more strictly the promises of his preface. He had perhaps been warned by his study of the *Christian Institutions* of the danger he expressly specifies of tracing fanciful analogies between the doctrinal or political controversies of the primitive Church and those of our own day; but he admits that he has not "always been careful to omit such allusions." And accordingly we find him in one place instituting a grotesquely irrelevant comparison between the Apostolic Council at Jerusalem and the Vatican Council, "only that" in the former "it was St. James who was Pope; St. Peter was no more than a liberal Cardinal"; which must mean either that St. Peter and St. James disagreed, or that the liberal Cardinals at the Vatican agreed with Pius IX. though they voted against him. Then again Mr. Simcox observes, justly enough, that it is a very cheap form of charity and a fashionable disguise for vanity to rehabilitate one of the bad characters of history. But it is a form of temptation which he appears to us by no means to have escaped himself. He has a morbid taste for revising received verdicts on his own *ipse dixit*, and at least partially whitewashing such very black sheep as Nero; he even goes to the extravagantly paradoxical length of introducing a moral comparison between Nero and Hadrian, greatly to the advantage of the former. We are told, indeed, at first that, though originally rather amiable than otherwise—a view which is flatly contradicted by Suetonius—Nero afterwards "became a monster." Yet when we come to the burning of Rome, of which it is allowed that he was generally believed at the time to be the real author, Mr. Simcox summarily dismisses the charge as "incredible," on the plea that, even if capable of "such a monstrous sacrifice of life and property"—why should "a monster" shrink from a monstrous crime?—he would never have risked the loss of such treasures of Greek art and literature. To be sure he did not exactly display that "prompt and benevolent energy" on the occasion which might have been desired, but if he chose to "indulge a pensive melancholy" by retiring to his private theatre and there chanting to his lyre a description of the burning of Troy, small blame to him; it is "a bit of sentimentalism" in his character which one rather likes. The common version of the story, by the way, as retailed by Suetonius, was not at all that Nero retired to his private theatre to indulge a pensive melancholy, but that he mounted the lofty tower of Mæcenas to feast his eyes on the splendid spectacle of the conflagration, and there sung his lay of insolent triumph over the terrible mischief he had perpetrated. And as to his doing "all that could be expected of him" after the crisis was over, it is enough to remember that he utterly set at naught all rights of private property in rebuilding Rome according to his selfish and luxurious tastes—probably one main object of the crime—the porticoes of the magnificent palace he erected himself alone extending over more than a mile.

* *The Beginnings of the Christian Church*. By W. H. Simcox, M.A., Rector of Weyhill. London: Rivingtons.

We have dwelt on this point because it illustrates what is unfortunately a marked peculiarity of Mr. Simcox's method. He is fond of displaying his originality by developing out of his internal consciousness the most arbitrary hypotheses, often in the teeth not only of the received opinion, but of all, or nearly all, the available evidence. Thus, for instance, he sees "no reason to doubt that all the martyrs under Nero suffered in the autumn of the year 64." But, not to dwell on the fact, which he himself admits, that "both in ancient and modern times" a very different view has prevailed, we have the explicit and contemporary testimony of Clement of Rome that St. Paul suffered "under the rulers," which points to the period of Nero's absence from Rome in 67, when the city was under the government of the urban and prætorian prefects. Nor is there any shadow of ground, beyond the assumed amiability of Nero, for restricting the persecutions to the year 64. Mr. Simcox is again "aware" that he is "contradicting not only the general tradition of Christendom, but the direct and weighty evidence on which it rests"—notably the almost contemporary testimony of Irenæus—when he insists that St. John saw the vision of the Apocalypse, not at the end of the reign of Domitian (who died in 97) but in the reign of Nero; he even allows that "it seems very audacious" to maintain this novel hypothesis. So far we quite agree with him. In truth all the evidence, both external and internal, is against him, and his reasons for rejecting it are of the feeblest; the most plausible-looking of them, derived from the different style of Greek of the Apocalypse and Gospel of St. John, is shown by Dr. Döllinger really to tell the other way. A little further on we have a marvellous series of assumptions compressed into one page. Mr. Simcox first assures us, on the strength of a passage in St. Chrysostom which gives no countenance to such a notion, that in the early Church any member of the congregation who had a gift for it might stand up and pray in his own words at a certain period in the Eucharistic celebration where the liturgical prayers of the deacons were afterwards substituted. St. Chrysostom is clearly referring to the miraculous gift of tongues, which the Irvingites in our own day professed to revive, but he gives no hint of its being exercised during the Eucharistic liturgy, as neither is this allowed in the modern Irvingite ritual. We are next told that we have "the modern representative of 'these groanings that cannot be uttered' in the modern Anglican Litany." A reference to so familiar an authority as Hooker—a more trustworthy one than Dean Stanley or Mr. Hatch—would have shown Mr. Simcox that the Anglican Litany had a totally different origin. It is translated, with certain variations, from the old Latin Litanies originally introduced for processional use at a time of public calamity by Mamercus, Bishop of Vienne, in the middle of the fifth century, and thrown into very much the shape still retained by Gregory the Great a century and a half later; and it has about as much to do with any extempore prayers or miraculous gifts of the Apostolic Age as with the Koran. Mr. Simcox closes this ingenious list of paradoxes with the still more gratuitous suggestion—for which he does not even attempt to allege any sort of proof—that the Corinthians may possibly have continued to celebrate the Eucharist when they had no duly ordained presbyters to do it. Why the Corinthians more than any other Church? and why should there have been no duly ordained presbyters in so considerable a Christian community? It is an equally arbitrary though less monstrous assumption that the Ten Commandments formed part of the Apostolic Liturgy. And it is impossible to suppress a smile at the curious little *sortes*, so to call it, piled up a few pages further on about St. Ignatius the Martyr. It is first assumed, on the strength of an expression in one of his letters which proves nothing of the kind, that Ignatius was married; Mr. Simcox is next "tempted to conjecture," without any pretence of evidence at all, that a certain Smyrnan lady of rank, named Alce, was his wife; and hence it is thirdly concluded that he himself "was probably a man of good social position"—a method of argument constructed on the principle of *obscurum per obscurius*.

We have already pointed out that Mr. Simcox writes in apparently entire ignorance of the most important work of recent date on the subject he is handling, and our readers may fairly expect us to offer some proof of what sounds a hardly credible charge. A perusal of the first thirty pages would suffice to supply it. We are told that the condemnation and death of St. Stephen "were the deliberate act of the Jewish Senate and people," and that "the Sanhedrim was able to execute their sentence without applying to the Procurator for sanction," because at that time the procuratorship was vacant. Certainly the narrative in the Acts seems rather to bear out Dr. Döllinger's statement that "Stephen was dragged forth, in wild tumult, without any formal sentence, to be stoned." It would at least have been natural to refer to what Dr. Döllinger says about it, and still more to his careful discussion of the right of the Sanhedrim to hold a judicial court without the leave of the procurator. A little further on Mr. Simcox "waives the vexed question whether St. James, Bishop of Jerusalem, was one of the Twelve," but professes his acceptance of "the really traditional view that he was a son of St. Joseph by his first wife." Dr. Döllinger devotes several pages to a discussion of this point, and shows pretty clearly that "the really traditional view," as well as the correct one, is that St. James was one of the Twelve, and was the nephew and adopted son of St. Joseph. In his treatment of the doctrine of the Christian priesthood in the New Testament, where he comes to much the same conclusion as Dr. Döllinger on less ample and less adequate grounds, Mr. Simcox's argument suffers from his evident ignorance

of what a greater writer had said before him; and the same holds good of his disquisition—fairly accurate as far as it goes—on the dispute between St. Peter and St. Paul at Antioch. He is not equally fortunate in remarking that but for the Pastoral Epistles there would be little doubt that St. Paul's martyrdom took place at the close of his two years' imprisonment at Rome recorded in the Acts. Here again he might have learned from Dr. Dollinger—what it is anyhow strange that he should not have known—that there is not merely strong but conclusive evidence, apart from the Pastoral Epistles, for St. Paul's liberation from prison and subsequent martyrdom after visiting, as St. Clement puts it, "the extreme boundary of the West," which probably means Spain. In his argument about the origin of the episcopate, where he differs in some respects—rightly, as it seems to us—from Bishop Lightfoot, he would have found the view he somewhat faintly and timidly advocates far more fully and clearly established by Dr. Dollinger. Dr. Dollinger has also proved, almost to demonstration, that the "Babylon" from which St. Peter dates his first Epistle must have been Rome, and certainly could not be—as Mr. Simcox thinks not unlikely—Babylon on the Euphrates, which, so far from being a great centre of Jewish population, was at that period, as Strabo and Pliny call it, "a great desert" emptied of inhabitants.

These are only a few examples out of many that might be cited where the author would have avoided serious mistakes or materially strengthened his own case if he had taken the trouble to acquaint himself with an authority with which every tiro in Church history might be presumed by this time to be familiar. A writer on the first century was not equally bound to have studied a minor but very important and learned work of Dr. Dollinger's on the much-vexed controversy between *Hippolytus* and *Callistus* in the third, but some knowledge of it might have been useful to Mr. Simcox in the long "Note" he has inserted on the Gnostic Heresies. It is rather perplexing to be told that in the time of Marcion—i.e. in the second century—"the most liberal Churches only allowed penance for deadly sin twice after baptism." If public penance is intended there is the obvious rejoinder, first that no regular penitential canons were enacted before the middle of the third century, and secondly that during the period when the penitential discipline was in full vigour—from the middle of the third to the beginning of the fifth century—there is abundant proof that it was largely, or, to use the author's phrase, liberally, modified in practice according to circumstances. Marcion himself was twice readmitted to the Church after falling into heresy and other grievous offences; Cerdon, another heretic of the day, was excommunicated and readmitted much oftener. But it would almost appear that the mistake is a still graver one from the statement, two pages later on, that "absolution in *articulo mortis* was not yet the rule even in the Roman Church, which," it is added in a footnote, "was foremost in all relaxations of the primitive penitential discipline." The implied sneer is as misplaced as the remark is conspicuously incorrect. The whole Church on this theory must have somehow fallen by anticipation into the Novatian heresy. As to the greater laxity or gentleness (whichever we choose to consider it) of the Roman penitential discipline, it must be understood in relation to other Western Churches, especially the African, which inherited something of the national fierceness of temperament; for the Eastern rule in these matters generally was notoriously milder than the Western. But neither in East nor West was it ever the custom to refuse absolution to the dying under any circumstances, though in certain cases communion was at one period refused to them; this restriction, however, was also expressly prohibited by the thirteenth canon of Nice (325), which professes not to be altering but confirming "the ancient and canonical law," when it forbids "that any one at the point of death should be deprived of his last and most necessary *viaticum*." The strange notion Mr. Simcox seems to have adopted is based on a passage in Tertullian—a very questionable authority on a matter so closely connected with his own peculiar idiosyncrasies of character and belief—and has been fully disproved by Orsi and Morinus.

We should be sorry to be understood as implying that there is not much that is both useful and interesting in this little work, though its utility would have been greatly increased if Mr. Simcox had betrayed less eagerness to exhibit his own ingenuity, and more care to ascertain the judgment of the most trustworthy authorities on the period he was discussing. It is a minor but very inconvenient drawback that, with the exception of a mere list of the headings of chapters—from which, by the way, the long Note on Gnosticism which covers above forty pages is unaccountably omitted—there is nothing whatever in the shape of either Index or Table of Contents. The later part of the book is better written and more interesting than the earlier. With an extract in Mr. Simcox's happiest style from the sixth chapter, which contains a good account of the Epistles of St. Ignatius, this notice must close:—

The chief thing that strikes us about him is, that he is such a thorough Catholic—a word which he is the first extant writer to use. This characteristic is more prominent, I own, in the four disputed letters than in the three of the Syrian version; still, it appears that even in these the supreme authority on all spiritual matters is, to his mind, the Church—the Church Universal, represented to the individual by the local Church of which he is a member; that local Church being represented by its bishop, presbyters, and deacons. The saint refers to the facts of the Gospel as the foundations of the Catholic Church, he refers to the authority of the apostles as its founders; but it never occurs to him as conceivable that there can be a conflict between them and the Church, that it can ever be right or necessary

to "go behind" the fact of Catholic consent, and appeal from the judgment of the Church to that of the apostles recorded in the New Testament. If any one, whether Protestant or Socinian, wishes to maintain the paradox that the mass of the Christian Church apostatized from the truth of the Gospel, and formulated an unscriptural faith different from the truly primitive and apostolical one, it will not do to date the apostasy from the days of Gregory the Great, or even of Constantine; they must draw the line somewhere in the eighteen years or less that lie between St. Clement and St. Ignatius. Only then they will have to account for the fact that St. Polycarp is just as scriptural and apostolical as St. Clement; yet he never suspects or denounces St. Ignatius as an apostate, but lives with him as a brother, and listens to his advice as to one more nearly made perfect than himself.

GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

IT was very nearly forty years ago that the volumes now reprinted, of letters addressed to George Selwyn, with the accompanying illustrative matter, first issued from the press. The work had become scarce, and the original edition has for some time past been difficult to procure, and has fetched a high price. A republication was therefore desirable, and it is only to be regretted that no pains have been taken to remedy the great defect of the first edition—namely, that it has no index or table of contents. But it has been thought proper simply to issue an exact facsimile of the book as it appeared in 1843—in the same type, with the same number of pages, and the same portrait prints—and without the addition of that which would have been so useful to all who may wish to refer to such an interesting collection of anecdotes and history, general and particular, as is contained in the result of Mr. Jesse's labours.

The book was reviewed soon after its appearance by Mr. Hayward, in a brilliant article which is to be found in the *Edinburgh Review* for the year 1844, and which was reprinted in 1854—an article which not only made excellent use of the materials furnished by George Selwyn's correspondence, but also gave much curious and interesting information from other sources about the habits of high play existing in the middle and latter part of the last century, among those who belonged to the aristocracy and fashionable society of the period. The work, indeed, is a mine of entertaining and curious matter, and it has more recently supplied Mr. Trevelyan with many of the illustrations for the lively sketch of manners and society in the England of a hundred years since which forms a chapter in his admirable history of the early days of Charles James Fox.

The letters commence in 1746, and extend to 1780; and to read them is to take a pleasant canter through an interesting country, and to make acquaintance in the most agreeable way with all the prominent persons and events of the time. Serious matters, of course, are encountered as they occur in the general and personal transactions to which reference is made; and, as might be expected in letters mostly written from the very focus of party politics and fashion, all public and private scandals receive a large share of attention. What the letters fail to relate, as well as all necessary explanations of them, is supplemented by the memoirs and fragments of history which are added by Mr. Jesse; so that the book must always be an amusing and useful companion to the more solid historical accounts of the same times. There are some letters which might with no great loss have been omitted from the collection, and these are from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Warner. They are among the least valuable, and are the most indecorous. The attempts at wit and humour in them are forced and frequently vulgar, and exhibit a man striving to maintain a position of equality with his correspondent to which neither his station nor abilities gave him any real claim. He seems to have been a sort of would-be Sterne, but without any sufficient pretensions to enable him to fill the part. He is always displaying anxiety to make himself useful and amusing to his fashionable friends, and especially on the alert to run errands for George Selwyn, and serve him in the negotiations about the custody of the mysterious little *Mie-Mie*, the well-known daughter of a certain Mme. Fagniani, and herself afterwards Marchioness of Hertford. The honour of her paternity was a question in doubt as between George Selwyn and that old reprobate the Duke of Queensberry, from both of whom she received a large portion of their fortunes. But there is one letter from the easygoing divine which proves that he at least did not suppose Selwyn was her father, for he seriously recommends him to marry his young favourite, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, in order to give him a legal right to have her constantly as an inmate of his house, and to put an end to his incessant anxieties on the subject. Warner in one place has the bad taste to refer to Howard the philanthropist as "the jail-man"; and yet he was active, as it appears, in procuring the erection of his monument in St. Paul's.

George Selwyn would have been a personage of some importance in his own time from his Parliamentary influence and connexions, even if he had not possessed the wit which now keeps his name from oblivion. He belonged to the best clubs of the day in London, and through life found his associates among people who, for one reason or another, were more or less worth knowing. With all faults, indeed, he and his friends must compare favourably with the men who occupied something of the same sort of position in the generations which followed them. The Macaronis of George III.'s reign

* *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries. With Memoirs and Notes by John Heuagge Jesse. New Edition. 4 vols. London: Bickers & Son. 1882.*

were superior to the Dandies who figured in the Regency, and the earlier set of rakes and gamblers had manlier aims and better feelings and tastes than the frivolous people with whom some acquaintance may be made in the novels of Miss Edgeworth. Perhaps the closing of the Continent consequent upon the long war with France had something to do with this deterioration in social life, as it certainly had with the decline in art which was simultaneous with it.

Many points illustrating changes in morals and manners may be met with in these letters. It appears from a letter of Orator Henley's in 1745, that he dined at twelve o'clock all the year round, but was ready to take a glass at a tavern from four to six. In a letter of the same date from the Right Hon. Richard Rigby—the type of a successful placeman of the period, and whose name was borrowed, as will be remembered, by Disraeli for one of the characters in his novels, and to emphasize his dislike of a well-known politician of later days—he describes himself as winning forty pounds at a cock-fight. In the same note he refers to Garrick's failure in the part of Othello, which he only attempted on one occasion, and mentions having dined *out of town* at Chelsea College. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams tells of the Duchess of Queensberry wanting a man to make up a ball, which one can only understand by recollecting how few people went to the making up of a ball in those days. Mrs. Delany has recorded that at a ball in Dublin, given by the Duke of Dorset when Lord Lieutenant, there were only four-and-twenty couples, dancing twelve at a time, and with only two non-dancers at the party. The trials of the rebel lords who were out in the '45 come in, with reference to requests for tickets of admission to Westminster Hall, and there is one short note of this date as to which we have always thought that a suggestion made by Mr. Jesse was more ingenious than true. It informs Selwyn that "the head is ordered to be delivered" to him at an expense of little more than a guinea; and the explanation is that it was one of those which had been recently parted with by some one who had undergone the sentence for high treason. Selwyn's love of witnessing executions, and of everything connected with them, is well known—he went, indeed, to Paris to see Damians broken on the wheel for his attempt to assassinate Louis XV.; but it is more likely, notwithstanding the coincidence of date, that the reference in this place is to a portrait-engraving of a head, to which he had subscribed. Some of the most charming letters are those from Gilly Williams, and one of them gives an anecdote of a supper in Newgate on the night before an execution, which is worthy of a place in Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*.

In 1763 mention occurs of Brighthelmstone as a watering-place beginning to come into fashion, but in which it was not easy to get tolerable accommodation, the best lodgings being most execrable. Some of the grammar used would now be considered peculiar. Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, says, "I believe you *was* gone before the Margrave came"; and again he says, "I should have *revote* to you." In due course the strange story of the Chevalier D'Eon comes under notice; and Hannah More's account of meeting this ambiguous person is quoted from the memoirs of that serious lady. There used to be much going over to Paris, and the letters are full of commissions to get articles of dress from thence, and of the difficulties of introducing them into England, and of saving birthday clothes from the clutches of the Custom House officers. In the account of an execution occurs the phrase, "launched into eternity," ascribed to a certain Old Rowe, to whom successive generations of penny-a-liners ought to feel grateful for having provided them with an expression which has served its purpose so long and so well. The famous duel between Mr. Chaworth and Lord Byron, arising out of a tavern brawl at a dinner of country gentlemen, is mentioned. This lord was the great-uncle of the poet, whose kinsman, the well-known fourth Earl of Carlisle, afterwards became one of Selwyn's best and most valuable correspondents.

The frequenters of White's do not seem to have appreciated Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* as much as Lord Byron did, for it is called by Gilly Williams "such a novel that no boarding-school Miss of thirteen could get half through without yawning." It may be questioned, however, whether George Selwyn's correspondents were much given to reading anything, and the absence of nearly all allusion to literature and the literary men of the time is a remarkable thing in the present collection of letters. But a country clergyman, the vicar of Colleshill, who was afterwards Dean of Worcester and of Durham, declines Selwyn's offer, presumably on loan, of Swift's works, as having already the means of seeing them at a club instituted and called a "book-club," where pipes and tobacco are never seen, and all the new things are taken in. The club consisted of twenty neighbouring clergy and esquires, chosen by ballot, after the manner of White's. It may be noted that in 1767, the then fashionable watering-place of Bath was still called *the Bath*; and in the same year Lord Holland, in reference to some dispute which he says others thought should be decided by a duel, mentions the Jockey Club as a tribunal he had never heard of. Now the Jockey Club was founded in 1750, but it must be presumed that its afterwards acknowledged jurisdiction over disputed questions arising out of turf transactions had not at this time come into vogue. The word "humbug," used as a verb, is to be met with in a letter from the Earl of Carlisle at Paris in 1768. He writes that he expects to "have something to humbug Madame de Defand with." It is not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, but Grose gives it a place in his *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*,

published in 1785, and it must about this time have been getting into use. Mr. G. A. Sala has quite recently pointed out that the word is to be met with in Ferdinando Killigrew's *Universal Test Book* (about 1735-40), and also in some verses under one of Hogarth's etchings. There is also an indication of the introduction of the word "bore." Lord Holland, in May of 1770, complains of being detained a fortnight at Lyons, and of having had difficulty in reaching that place from Avignon, because every post-house was compelled to send horses for the Dauphine Marie Antoinette, then on her way to Paris to be married; and it is added that ten thousand horses had in that way been requisitioned. The familiarity of those who could afford the enjoyment, in those days of expensive travelling, with the Continent tended, no doubt, to the refinement of the English upper classes. But it cannot have assisted to rub off exclusiveness; and the way in which a peer, half-ruined by gambling, could speak of his own agent or steward, who had given him advice on the necessity of retrenching his expenditure, may be noted. Lord Carlisle, writing in 1775, enters into the state of his affairs with George Selwyn, and speaks of having to give up residing at Castle Howard, and of other proposed reductions; and he says, "the comforts with which *these low people* sweeten their tales of wretchedness are more disgusting and painful than the evils they paint or officiously prognosticate." Elsewhere he writes of "that old rascal Franklin."

The solemn farce of the trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy affords a characteristic illustration of the manners of the period. Such a thing could not have happened in contemporary France; but it was no doubt better that the scandal should be public, although unpunished, than that one or more persons should have been imprisoned for life without trial in the Bastille, as would probably have happened in a similar case over the water. The trial and hanging of Dr. Dodd are of course described; so are the Gordon riots, and the death of the unfortunate Miss Ray, together with the execution of her murderer. The commencement and progress of the great American War, the terrors of Paul Jones, and the constant anxiety (then as now) about the state of Ireland, are frequent themes of correspondence. The numbers polled at a University election in 1779 will seem small to modern graduates of Cambridge. There were three candidates for the vacancy occasioned by the Marquess of Granby going to the Upper House, and the total number who voted were 440, and this was considered unusually large. Nor do the residents seem to have exercised much hospitality towards the outvoters, for Sir George Saville and others had to sit up all night in their carriages in the inn yards.

It would be improper to conclude without quoting at least a sample of George Selwyn's many good things which have been recorded. Perhaps one of the best was his remark to the beautiful Lady Coventry, wearing a new dress covered with silver spangles as big as a shilling—"Why, you will be change for a guinea."

CIRCASSIA FORTY YEARS AGO.*

IN the year 1839 Mr. Spencer was induced by "the events which have taken place within the last few months in Persia, Herat, and India, and their ultimate connexion with Circassia and the other Asiatic countries on the Black Sea, which recently formed the theatre of my wanderings," to "submit to the public a cheap and revised edition of this work." Mr. Spencer went on to say in the preface, from which we quote, that connected as the conquest of Circassia was, however remotely, with the security of our Eastern Empire, one could not wonder at the increasing importance attached to it by men of every shade of political opinion, nor at the apprehension with which its possible consummation was regarded:—

During a long series of years has Russia, unnoticed, unheeded by slumbering Europe, pressed step by step her plans for the subjugation of the Caucasus. . . . The patriotic efforts of the brave mountaineers to defend their humble hearths from the grasp of the invader, and the unequal strife in which they have been so long engaged, are appreciated as they deserve, and their cause has won the sympathy of every humane and enlightened man in every part of civilized Europe. . . . I am no advocate for war, but every man acquainted with the aggrandizing policy of Russia must be aware that the time has arrived when it is imperative upon us to place a barrier against the further advances of a Power that threatens to become a dangerous rival—a powerful enemy.

Notwithstanding his views as to Russia in general, the author went on to pay a high compliment to Count Worrenzow, then Governor-General of New Russia, who did all he could to help him on his way and to give him special opportunities for seeing what he wanted to see. He ended his preface by some good advice to intending followers in his own footsteps, not the least important point in which was that it was indispensable to the traveller to be furnished with an introduction to some chieftain or elder of the country, who, "by becoming his *konak*, will be answerable to his countrymen for the good conduct of the stranger and that he is not a Russian spy. Without this precaution the traveller, after escaping the Russian cruisers, would find that he had to contend against another danger—the united hostility of the whole population of Circassia." Even as it was, Mr. Spencer was in danger at one time of falling between two stools, as he related

* *Travels in Circassia, Krim Tartary, &c.* By Edmund Spencer, Esq., Author of "Travels in the Western Caucasus," &c. 2 vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

in his second volume. Under the advice of a Turkish officer at Constantinople, who had resided among the Circassians for some time, he "waived for the first time in my life the proud privilege of my birthright as an Englishman. In doing this I was actuated by two motives; I did not wish to appear among the Caucasians in my true character, for my visit might then be construed into one of a political tendency, both by the natives and Russian agents—(where are they not to be found?)—whereas, by assuming that of a Frank Stambouli hakikim (doctor), a Genoese, I not only avoided this danger, but opened the prospect of a friendly reception." However, when he arrived at a Circassian town, having left his *konak* laid up with intermittent fever some distance off, Mr. Spencer's habit of constant inquiry raised the keenest suspicion, and when he went on to take down the answers given him in a note-book, and to make sketches of various objects, then "the vexation of this most jealous people knew no bounds." He had indeed, it appeared, infringed their laws and usages; and a meeting of elders was held, before which he was brought up to be examined. Then he found, in spite of the Turkish officer's assurance that by one of their traditions the Genoese were held in much honour, that they had never heard of Genoa, and "they entertained no respect for any other nation or people under heaven except the Turks and the English." He was, however, obliged to stick to his original plan; and finally the assurances of his *konak* and the good offices of a native prince with whom he had struck up a friendship saved him from what might have been a very disagreeable scrape. Subsequent events proved that his assumption of a character was not, after all, unwise, for when with the prince on a reconnoitring party which was attacked by Cossacks Mr. Spencer noticed that the attack "appeared directed in an especial manner against my liberty, a circumstance which I suspected could not be altogether accidental." He communicated his suspicions to the chief, a strict watch was kept, and the following night a Volhynian deserter was detected returning from the Russian camp. "I now found the advantage of my assumed character of Stambouli hakikim. But, if a poor doctor was an object of animosity to the Russian general, merely because he was a European, what would have been my fate if it had been known I was an Englishman!"

The first letter—the work is cast in the form of letters—of the author's second volume opens with the words:—"My dear friend,—Perhaps you are not aware that, in spite of our haughty vaunt, 'England rules the waves!' we have not a single flag waving over the blue waters of the Euxine!" Mr. Spencer was, however, entertained most hospitably by the Russian officers off and at Sevastopol; indeed, one curious point in his book is the evident liking which was inspired in the author by individual Russians, in spite of his very well-founded apprehensions as to Russian designs. Of Sevastopol itself Mr. Spencer gave an interesting account, describing it at some length, and saying that it seemed "as if formed by the hand of Nature expressly for a fortified station. Yet, with all these natural advantages, such was the surprising ignorance; want of tact and judgment of the Turks, and subsequently of the Russians, that it remained unnoticed, till a Frenchman who happened to visit Sevastopol pointed them out to the Russian Government." While Mr. Spencer was there, various works, "on a gigantic scale," the material for which was supplied by the neighbouring quarry of Inkerman, were being carried out under the direction of Mr. Upton, an English engineer. Having remarked upon the energy and speed with which these works were being completed, Mr. Spencer went on to dwell eloquently upon his favourite topic:—"Even Russia herself," he wrote, "confined to her snowy deserts, was, little more than a century ago, a country nearly unknown, overrun and plundered alike by Poles, Swedes, and Turks, with a people so timid that it only required a handful of Tartars to show themselves in a Russian town to put the whole of the inhabitants to flight; yet she is now, in the nineteenth century, become the terror of the surrounding nations. Turkey and Persia quail beneath her iron grasp; Austria, Germany, and the whole of the northern nations, dread her power; even France, the once powerful France, fawns upon her friendship." In his next letter Mr. Spencer pursued his theme in greater detail, commented much upon the Russian desire for territorial aggrandizement, and on the fact that of all European Powers it was only Great Britain that she dreaded, insisted upon the ubiquitous presence of Russian spies, and quoted from the *Moscow Gazette* this passage—"Go on! go on! debt-burdened Albion, thy hour is not yet come. But be assured we shall soon teach thee a lesson at Calcutta!" We cannot resist quoting part of the peroration which is suggested by this curious extract. If, Mr. Spencer wrote, we neglected to take steps for checking the progress of Russian duplicity and aggrandizement, then, "when Turkey and Persia shall be chained to the chariot-wheels of their conqueror on his march to India; when our commerce shall have passed into other channels, we shall regret our supineness, when activity will avail nothing; mourn over our short-sightedness, when the auguries of ill shall have been fulfilled; and lament, when it is too late, that we did not boldly advance and anticipate the evil, instead of waiting until, by its increased magnitude, every prospect of a successful struggle shall have become—must I add?—hopeless." It may, perhaps, be doubted whether Mr. Spencer would have felt much more comfortable about Russian advance in the East now than he did in the year 1836.

There is, however, a good deal of interesting matter in the letters besides the sagacious comments on and forecasts of political events; and not the least curious part of them, as a mere record of

travel, is that part which deals with the Crimea, and especially with Balaklava, which, when Mr. Spencer visited it, wore the aspect of a deserted town, and indeed might have suggested the idea that it was an old town which had only recently been excavated. It must, he thought, be very ancient, and probably retained the form given to it by the first colony of Greeks that settled there, while he never met in any town with so many rare and beautiful specimens of gold and silver medals, all of which he understood to have been found by the peasants in the neighbourhood. Before leaving the subject of the Crimea Mr. Spencer wished seriously to warn "the tourist" to beware of the shepherds' dogs, the dangers of meddling with which he illustrated by an incident that befell him once when he was travelling in Asia Minor with a Hungarian gentleman. The Hungarian being severely bitten without provocation by a dog at the entrance of a village, drew his sword and attacked the brute, which, howling loudly, attracted all its companions, upon which the whole body of dogs set upon the travellers so desperately that they were obliged to take refuge in an open shed and make a vigorous defence. When at length the dogs saw that they were overmatched, they drew off, and presently returned, backed up by the whole village up in arms; and it was only the production simultaneously of pistols and a firman that enabled the travellers to get off without worse consequences. In a later letter Mr. Spencer gave a curious account of the mud-baths, or Boues de Sak, at Eupatoria, the wonderful qualities of which he believed to be much exaggerated; while he knew of one instance in which a patient who came to them from a long distance found, after going through a course of treatment, that he had got rid of his rheumatism, but had received in exchange a violent intermittent fever. The author describes the baths as "a stagnant lake of some extent, the greatest part composed of mud, where you see a multitude of heads (for, be it remembered, the whole of the bathers are buried to the chin) smoking, eating, drinking, laughing, singing, and moaning; altogether forming a scene the most comic imaginable." At Odessa the author found that there was an extraordinary hatred between the Jews and the Russians, and that contests between them, one of which he himself witnessed, were both frequent and sanguinary. At that time we read that "so well arranged are the preparations of the Jews for attack, when it becomes necessary to defend themselves, that at any time a quarrel takes place they rush into the streets, crying with all their might *Genvalt! Genvalt!* when instantly the whole Hebrew population—men, women, and children—arm themselves with every species of weapon, from a pitchfork to a reaping-hook, and rush to the scene of action." As to the serfs, Mr. Spencer found that they were thorough slaves by nature and education, and so wanting in free or noble feeling that they would not receive the boon of liberty when it was offered. This, however, he supported by only one instance known to him, of a Russian nobleman who, hating the principle of slavery, set all his serfs free, and to whom they returned in a body some months afterwards, begging to be restored to serfdom, "for then we wanted nothing, now we want everything." The author continued, with a quaint touch of pedantry that appears every now and then in his writing, "Thus, you see, however singular it may appear to the free-born sons of our country, emancipation from slavery does not always confer happiness." Mr. Spencer's volumes have, as may be guessed, a good deal of interest; and not the least interesting part of them just now is the last letter of all, in which he reviews the Eastern question. It would take too long to follow his arguments step by step, but one passage may be quoted as representing a feeling which at that time was pretty generally put forward in the press:—"Certain of being involved sooner or later in a war with Russia, and also certain, from the events of the last few years and the threats that Power continually holds out of an invasion of India, that the theatre of that war will be at first confined to those countries bordering the Euxine and the Caspian Sea, how necessary is it that we should avail ourselves of our power and influence to protect Circassia as an independent State, and thus secure a *piéd de terre* impregnable in its mountain fastnesses, and inhabited by a people the sworn enemies of Russia!"

THE LAND OF DYKES AND WINDMILLS.*

MR. BIRD would have given us a much better book if he had contented himself with telling us what he had himself seen, and had left the works of previous authors untouched. Though he has no great powers of observation, he has nevertheless kept his eyes open during his residence in Holland, and has noted down many matters which will be read with interest by those to whom that country is unknown. Unfortunately, his style is somewhat heavy, and his discrimination between facts that are worth recording and those which may be passed over in silence is by no means keen. In spite of these drawbacks, we should have read *The Land of Dykes and Windmills* with some degree of pleasure had it not been for the displays of learning—perhaps we should more properly say, of ignorance—which are met with in almost every chapter. His book is but a small one, but in it he strives to cram a great deal of "historical information," as he

* *The Land of Dykes and Windmills; or, Life in Holland.* With Anecdotes of Noted Persons, and Historical Incidents in connexion with England. By Frederick Spencer Bird, Author of "Harrington," "Stonedeil Lodge," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

calls it. It is clear that he is not a well-read man, and that he knows as little of the true method of a writer of history as of history itself. He quotes, but he is very careless in his quotations. More than once he is even guilty of a fault which, in a man who had any real knowledge of books, might be regarded as a piece of effrontery. He puts into the mouth of so well-known an author as Lord Macaulay lines which would have made Macaulay stare. We can only suppose that Mr. Bird has lived so long abroad that his own English has got somewhat of a foreign cast. In the first of these paraphrases of our great historian, he is describing what he calls "the French invasion of the Netherlands"—as if, by the way, those luckless lands had only once been run over by France. He says that the Prince of Orange had formed a scheme of emigration to the Indian Archipelago, "which, had it been accomplished (to use the words of Macaulay), would have been the noblest subject for epic song in modern history. If natal soil and marvels with which human industry had covered it were buried under the ocean, all was not lost, Hollanders might survive Holland." This is the sort of English that Macaulay might have written had he been brought up as a Dutchman, and studied our tongue by the system of Ollendorff. Later on in the book Mr. Bird's quotations—for he carefully and conscientiously gives quotation marks—are still more daring. In writing of the time of Monmouth's invasion, he tells us how, on the request of James II., the States-General had directed the magistrates of the towns to prevent the Whig refugees from molesting the English Government. He makes Macaulay answerable for the following sentence:—"In general those directions were obeyed; but the authorities of Amsterdam took no effectual steps for preventing the expedition from sailing." There is, it is true, nothing Ollendorffian in this; but, on the other hand, there is very little of Macaulay. The unparaphrased passage is as follows:—"In general those directions were obeyed. . . . But Amsterdam was the chief seat of the emigrants; and the governing body of Amsterdam would see nothing, hear nothing, know of nothing." His daring, however, is best seen in making Macaulay answerable for the following hasty and ungrammatical sketch of Monmouth's career:—

"For some time," says Macaulay, "he was the life of the Hague, where he was a conspicuous figure at balls. He had taught the English country-dance to the Dutch ladies, and had in his turn learned from them to skate on the canals. The story of Lady Wentworth's ardent attachment for him; how, after his father's death and his uncle's succession to the throne, he plotted against the English Government, and fitted out ships at Amsterdam for a descent on England and Scotland, with money obtained partly by contributions and partly by the sale of his own jewels and those of Lady Wentworth, are (sic) well known."

It is amusing to see how Mr. Bird has treated Macaulay's redundancy of ornament in much the same way as Dutch gardeners treat a yew tree. He has lopped it on all sides. Macaulay wrote, "Animated by such expectations, he had been the life of the Hague during the late winter. He had been the most conspicuous figure at a succession of balls in that splendid Orange Hall which blazes on every side with the most ostentatious colouring of Jordaens and Hondtborst."

Goldsmith fares little better than the historian in the quotation that is made from his *Traveller*:—

The pent ocean rising o'er the pile
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile,
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mast, the cultivated plane,
A new creation rescued from its reign.

The first line is not metrical. The word *while*, with which it begins, was, we suppose, in the author's way, and so he removed it. The omission, however, he should have marked. In the last line *its* is an emendation for *his*, though in that case *him* in the second line should have been in like manner changed into *it*. But what are such errors as these compared with the gross absurdities of the last line but one? "The crowded *mast*, the cultivated *plane*!" As if the Dutchmen thronged their masts and not their marts, and cultivated that kind of tree which thrives so well in cities and not their plains. He quotes an anecdote from a book which we can hardly believe he ever saw—Dr. William King's *Anecdotes of His Own Times*. This Dr. King, he says, "lived in the reign of Queen Anne, to whom he acted as Secretary when she was Princess of Denmark." His appointment he must have got at a somewhat early age, as he was but seventeen at the time of Anne's accession. After having quoted the anecdote—misquoted we might say, for he changes "a small pension" into "a small portion"—our author goes on to quote some other anecdotes which he has met with. Among these we come upon another story from Dr. King's collection, though there is nothing to show that Mr. Bird knows whence it came. In it also he falls into a serious error, which we shall leave him to discover for himself. Some of the statements that he gives on his own authority are not more accurate than those which he has fathered on others. Very perplexing is the statement that the Dutch pipe-factories "flourished most between the years 1720 and 1721." No mind but one trained in the metaphysics of the schools could, we should think, even conceive of the time that exists between the close of one year and the beginning of the next. But to place pipe-factories in that infinitesimal period and to make them flourish in it requires, indeed, an effort of the imagination that is more than human. In the next page we read that in 1666 some tea was brought from Holland to England,

"from which time it became universal, and sold for sixty shillings per pound." At this period, as Mr. Bird might have learnt from Macaulay, the wages of an English labourer were, on an average, four shillings a week. From 1666, therefore, tea became universal, as it took each man of that class which formed by far the largest part of the nation only fifteen weeks' work to earn enough to buy a single pound. But our author perhaps may defend himself by bringing forward the example of those who, in announcing the death of a relative, tell us that he is universally lamented, when they mean nothing more than that his loss is felt by his family, and possibly by the parish. Peat, Mr. Bird seems to think, is as much unknown in England as vails. In describing the Dutch stoves, he says:—"The fuel burnt is usually coke, or turf (so-called), the latter being a sort of earth, almost black in colour, and full of the fibres of decayed plants." He tells us how it is cut and dried—as if in England, Scotland, and Ireland, we had not seen these operations carried on before our eyes. Some of the reflections in which he indulges are commonplace enough. Thus, in the account that he gives of the precautions against fires, he adds:—"The Dutch have every reason to be careful; for where buildings are lofty, close together, and inhabited by many different families (as is generally the case in the large towns of Holland), fires are inevitably attended by disastrous consequences, and not unfrequently by loss of life, if not speedily discovered and extinguished." This is no doubt very true, but it scarcely needs for its utterance a voice from Holland.

We must not, however, be so overcome with resentment at the author's faults as not to do justice to his merits. He who should skim the book, and carefully skip most of the passages that deal with history or are enclosed in quotation marks, might spend an hour with some profit and some pleasure. In two or three matters that Mr. Bird mentions we should do well to follow the Dutch. For instance, in their anxiety to stop the spread of infection they have adopted a plan which has been merely suggested in England. "To the street-door of every house in which an inmate is suffering from small-pox, typhus fever, or any similar disease, the proprietor is compelled to affix a printed notice announcing the fact to the public." We fear that some time yet must pass before an Englishman can be brought to admit that, though his house is his castle, it ought to be so only defensively, and not offensively. In Holland dogs are taxed as they are in England; but evasions of this tax, which are so common here, are thus prevented there:—"A small brass token (the shape of which is altered every year), bearing a registered number, by which the owner can be traced, has to be fastened to the collar of every dog, as a proof that the tax has been paid." Taxes in Holland, Mr. Bird tells us, are generally very high, and, it is clear, are often very mischievous. Here they might learn much from us. "There is a tax on every window, door, chimney, servant, . . . and on every article of household furniture in use. One must even pay for the privilege of earning one's daily bread, no man being permitted to carry on a profession, trade, or occupation of any sort, unless he obtain what is called a *patent*." The poor taxpayer has not even the satisfaction of having his taxes called for. He must take the money to the collector's office, and often loses an hour or two while waiting till the great man can attend to him. Should he be behind in the payment, one or two hungry militiamen are quartered in his house at his expense until he has cleared off his arrears. Two hundred years ago boots and shoes, "those articles so essential to human comfort," as our author somewhat needlessly describes them, were not only taxed, but were conspicuously marked on the upper leather with the Government stamp. Medical men have their fees fixed by law and fixed at a low rate. To make up for this, no druggist can sell the simplest mixture unless the prescription of a doctor be produced. If a man is suffering from headache or toothache, though he may know of some remedy which will give him relief, he cannot procure it until he has consulted a medical man.

In some parts of Holland the houses of the poorer Boers are but little better than Irish cabins. "The family live all together in one large room, divided by wooden partitions, which serves as parlour, kitchen, and bedroom, and is not unfrequently shared with a cow or donkey." The bed is a huge box, filled with heather or seaweed, and in districts exposed to floods is often raised to a height of six or seven feet above the floor. In respect of cleanliness, these poor people are far superior to the Irish. Even if a labourer gets not more than ten shillings a week, yet he, his wife, and his children will be seen every Sunday "respectably dressed and scrupulously clean." It is a very common custom for the peasants to leave their wooden shoes outside the doors of their cottages, so that they may not carry the dirt inside. By counting the number of shoes, it can be readily seen how many people there are at any one time in the house.

The picture that Mr. Bird draws of Dutch life is, on the whole, a pleasant one. In those of us who have travelled in Holland it awakens a desire to wander once more through that most interesting country; while those who have not visited it are likely to be led by his account to reflect that, whatever charms there may be in the lofty mountains of Switzerland, yet the low shores which lie over against the mouth of the Thames have also much that is scarcely less charming, though in a very different way.

THE ARAMEANS.*

THIS large and closely printed volume appears, as the title-page informs us, as the Fifth Division of the *Social History of the Races of Mankind*. It contains no distinct declaration whether Mr. Featherman is to write the whole work, or is the author of this Aramean section only. Even his very perfunctory preface, which he says no one will read, but which we perused again and again to gain a gleam of light on this important question, tells us nothing certain; only the assumption of the plural pronoun "we," obviously out of place with a writer who speaks for himself alone, raised a presumption that he had fellow-workers. The publishers, however, in one of their catalogues, furnish the information which the author withholds. The substance of it is as follows:—The "*Social History*" is to be completed in about ten volumes, all written by the same author, and is to be divided into six sections, named 1. Nigritian (Negroes); 2. Melanesians, including Papuans, Australians, Malays, and Polynesians; 3. Maranionians, North and South American Indians, with Ancient Mexico and Peru; 4. Turanians; 5. Arameans; and 6. Iranians. And a part of the first volume will contain an introductory treatise on Primeval time and Prehistoric time. We are further informed that the first four stocks are considered tropical, and the other two extra-tropical. This statement throws some light on the scheme of the work, but leaves us too much in the dark as to its real object, since "*Social History*" remains a vague, undefined term, and raises surprise and speculation as to the place to be assigned to many races, including some of first-class importance. However, the author is clearly entitled to arrange his matter according to his own judgment, and even to adopt the course—vexatious though it be to the book-buyer—of publishing one of the later volumes first. Only we do protest against the postponement of the introductory treatise which is to speak of the preparation of the world for the reception of all the races whose origin and development is traced in the six divisions. We seem here to have a very strong case of the ὑστερον πρότερον.

As Mr. Featherman has seen fit to begin with the Fifth Division, we naturally expect at least a temporary conspectus of the races of mankind by way of introduction. This we have, if a chapter of nine pages can be so called. And it is important as striking the key in which the whole work is written. It commences:—

The primeval man did not spring from a single stock or from one ancestral type. He arose under varying conditions in different countries and at different geological periods. . . . He was not even developed [? produced] anywhere by a single pair, but by thousands of pairs at the same time, for it is [only?] by long-continued organic interaction, through sexual and natural selection, that the perfect typical form of the human species could have been developed. The central tropical regions of the earth were the original birthplace of primeval man. . . . In Africa, the oldest of all the continents, the equatorial regions of Ethiopia were the cradle-land of the Nigritian stock, which is the earliest primitive type of human kind.

Here we have dogmatic assertion in plenty, with the minimum, not of proof—for positive proof it may be unreasonable to expect here—but of any feeling of a duty towards the reader of making the assertions appear reasonable. Why, admitting several centres of production, must there have been thousands of pairs at each at the same time? Why must Africa be the oldest continent? Why must the Negro stock be the oldest? We note this dogmatism because it colours the whole work, and tempts the reader's spirit to rise in rebellion, even where the assertion is probable in itself, or has the authority of men of real science and wisdom on its side. If such a tone is to be assumed, the author should surely fortify his position by constant reference to writers whose scientific opinions will command respect. Passing over the Nigritian, Melanesian, and American (why does not the writer use this word instead of *Maranionian*, which would seem to refer to the land of the river Amazon only?) stocks, the writer embraces everything else which it would otherwise be difficult to classify under the convenient name Turanian. The acceptance of this class-name in philological literature ever since its first promulgation by Professor Max Müller in the wide sense given to it is a curious testimony to the general craving for classification under a few heads—in accordance with the facts, if possible, but, if not, anyhow classification. The races of the Old World having been grouped in part as Aryan and Semitic, there was left the question, what to make of the remainder? In a very able and suggestive essay contributed to Bunsen's *Christianity and Mankind*, Professor Max Müller contended for the probability that all these, even where direct evidence of kindred fails us, are of common origin, and gave permanence to the theory by baptizing the newly discovered stock with the name Turanian. Although the theory was immediately ably contested by the most distinguished linguists, especially by Pott, and cannot be said to have held its ground at all, it was so convenient and attractive that it is often adopted by writers of less encyclopædic learning. We are sorry to see that Mr. Featherman does so, and that, as is so often the case, the idea gains force *ambulando*; what was with Professor Max Müller a brilliant, but unproven, generalization, here becomes a fact on which the classification of the human race may rest. It is perhaps still more extraordinary that the original home of a group of peoples, nearly all of whom have during all known history lived in the Arctic and North temperate zones, should

be assumed to be tropical. But it is time to examine the volume now issued, and to consider the Aramean stock as here defined.

If the divisions of the human race adopted by Mr. Featherman, whether intended to be ethnological or linguistic, are questionable elsewhere, here in this volume, where we have not the mere title but the complete elaboration, the classification and the nomenclature strike the reader as especially hazardous. The term "Aramean" is the proper native designation of the tribes which the Western world, following Greek writers, generally calls Syrian. Their limits in ancient times were marked by the Mediterranean, Taurus, the head waters of the Euphrates, and the upper course of the Tigris; on the south by their contact with other tribes, the Hebrews in the west and the Babylonians in the east. The word apparently denotes "Highlanders," and is contrasted with the Canaanites as Lowlanders. Neither the Hebrew settlers in Canaan nor their predecessors in the occupation of that country are regarded either by the Biblical writers or by modern historians as belonging to Aram. Still less affinity do the Joktanites or Arabs of the south exhibit with the Arameans of the north. Renan says that, if a stock is to be named from its extreme limits, as has been done in the term Indo-European, the stock in question might be called Syro-Arabian; but that Leibnitz's proposed designation Arabic must be rejected, as it substitutes a part for the whole. For the same reason the term Aramean seems inadmissible. If it be admitted, it must be on the plea that its author regards Aram as the ultimate nucleus of these subsequently diverging tribes—an hypothesis too crude and doubtful to justify perpetuation in a class-name. Better far to retain the old-fashioned Semitic "comme une simple appellation conventionnelle," as Renan says.

When we look into the question—far deeper than that of a name—what divisions Mr. Featherman finds in his Aramean stock, and what tribes he groups under each, our surprise is not lessened. The first and most ancient division contains the Syro-Arameans; the second, the Libyo-Arameans; the third and most recent, the Arabo-Arameans. It is the second division that is the most questionable. It contains the Egypto-Libyans, Copts, Nubas, Barabras, Berbers, Abadde, Siwahs, Kabyles, Tuaregs, Guanches. The "Egypto-Libyans" we find to be the ancient race ruled by the Pharaohs, who wrote hieroglyphics and observed the Ritual of the Dead. They are actually classed as Semitic, standing half-way between Syrians and Arabs. Can the author not be aware of the various attempts to discover their linguistic affinity, and of the failure of all endeavours to establish some affinity with the Semites? Mr. Le Page Renouf spoke clearly enough on this point last year, in lectures known to Mr. Featherman:—"The language which has been recovered belongs to a very early stage of speech, and is not, or at least cannot be shown to be, allied to any other known language than its descendant, the Coptic. It is certainly not akin to any of the known dialects, either of North or of South Africa, and the attempts which have hitherto been made towards establishing such a kindred must be considered as absolute failures." Yet here the Egyptian and the Coptic stand at the head of a long list of North African languages, extending westwards as far as the Canary Islands, and all grouped as standing midway between Aramean and Arabic!

But the subdivision of the first, or Syrian, group is scarcely more satisfactory. We find the ancient nations—Phœnicians, Assyrians, Babylonians, and Hebrews—put side by side, with but little attempt to show their relations to one another; and the old Aram (Syrians), which gives the name to the whole stock, has itself been forgotten as an independent nationality. Yet a further division was certainly desirable, since the Assyrian has become so far known that Mr. Sayce can say, "In fact, Assyrian may be described as the Sanskrit of the Semitic idioms." The importance, too, of Aramaic may be understood from the same writer's declaration, "To the northern division [of the Semitic family] belong the sister-dialects of Assyria and Babylonia, the sister-dialects known as Hebrew and Phœnician, and the Aramaic of Syria. Aramaic, however, differs very widely, both in phonology and in grammar, from the other members of the northern division, and must have branched off from them at an early period." Mr. Featherman seems not to perceive the very early distinction between the Hebrew and the Syriac tribes, for he simply says, "As a race, they (the Hebrews) form an integral part of the Syrian branch of the Aramean stock." Yet this distinction is indicated by the writer of Genesis, when he describes Terah as not going on to Canaan, but staying at Haran and dying there, and his son Abraham as separating from him and advancing to Canaan; and when in the ethnographical table in chap. x. he makes Arphaxad and Aram sons of Shem, and Eber (the Hebrews) a descendant of Arphaxad, and therefore quite apart from Aram.

But it may be said in defence of Mr. Featherman's book, that it is mainly a "*Social History*"—a history of the forms and advancements of society and civilization of various nations at various periods, and that their mutual linguistic relations are only one of many elements of their life. This is very true, and we gladly pause and say no more on the less satisfactory characteristics of the work. With regard to the *Social History*, we feel some hesitation about speaking. The account of each nation is often good and interesting; it hits off the most essential characteristics, and probably little is told which is not true of some period in the life of each. Yet the general effect is but tame. This is due to various causes. Each seems (and the list of authorities goes far to confirm it) to be written by itself, without reference to the others; consequently, the same things are repeated again and again of different tribes until we are puzzled to catch the points of dif-

* *Social History of the Races of Mankind*. Fifth Division—Arameans. By A. Featherman. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

ference at all. And then the book is almost without dates. In tracing the development of a nation's character through its history we meet with sentences like this:—"Phœnicia was made a tributary province of the Greeks and the Romans; was occupied and held in subjection by the Crusaders; and was finally conquered by the Turks, who still claim supremacy over its territorial domain." The latter part of this sentence betrays the very serious fault of confounding a nation with a land which is successively the home of different nationalities. Again, "The sculpture of the Assyrians had already passed the rudimentary outlines of infant art," &c. There is absolutely nothing to show what time is intended by this "already," or whether the author means one rather than another. The authorities relied on for the description of these Semitic nations are not generally recent ones, which is greatly to be regretted, since so much has been done by the decipherment of inscriptions towards familiarity with the inner life of Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Assyrians, as to make the older histories, which were almost limited to a repetition of what the Greeks and Romans have chosen to tell us, quite antiquated. This is to be observed especially in the account of the religion and ceremonies of the Egyptians and the Phœnicians, for which the author seems chiefly to rely on John Kenrick (spelt here *Kendrick*; the titles quoted are so full of errors as to tempt one to believe that the author knows neither German nor French; but the mis-spelling of an English name comes in opportunely to make it possible to transfer the blame to the printer). The Hebrew and other words quoted or transliterated are extremely incorrect; in fact, in details this book leaves much to be desired.

As to its general plan, we must say in conclusion that it is not scientific enough in its arrangement to serve as a guide to anthropology, whether following the physical or the linguistic system; and that it has too little of history to exhibit satisfactorily the progress of any nation or group of nations—in short, that the author begins his gigantic work (for such it will be if ever completed) without defining accurately to himself the object it is to serve or the readers whom he wishes to address. Attention to these points, and care to avoid the mistakes which are legion here, may make the other volumes far more useful.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.*

WE fear that schoolboys and students in general will regard Mr. Belcher with feelings of awe rather than of gratitude. Such feelings, however undesirable they may be, naturally arise when a commentator treats the explanation of his text as a matter of secondary importance, and makes his first object the display of varied and often rather irrelevant learning. Mr. Belcher's lengthy notes are overloaded with references to authors ancient, modern, and mediæval; they contain copious information on matters which may be more profitably studied in maps and dictionaries, and they abound in translations of passages which should certainly be left to exercise the ingenuity of schoolboys. Perhaps these last aids to learning are intended to cheer the youthful student under the infliction of explanations which he does not understand, and of references to authors of whom he has never heard; but we doubt whether the cheerfulness thus caused will be long-lived. The translations are not such as will commend themselves to the judgment of schoolmasters. For example, Livy tells us that the Senate debated long about restoring the property of the Tarquin family, "*ne non reddita belli causa, reddita belli materia et adjumentum essent*." Mr. Belcher translates, "lest the non-restitution might be a pretext for war, and the restitution a substantial contribution of the material of war." Here the sense of the Latin is plain enough, and, therefore, in an edition intended for boys or young students, even a graceful translation, which Mr. Belcher's is not, would be out of place. Again, why should the apologue of Menenius Agrippa be translated at length? There is no kind of difficulty in it. Accuracy should be the chief characteristic of translation in a work of this kind, but Mr. Belcher is not always very exact in the matter of tenses. In Chapter X., for instance, he renders "*venire*" as if it were "*venisse*." By way of compensation for undue prolixity, we often find phrases and constructions which may well puzzle boys passed by without a word of comment. In Chapter V. the words "*res integra refertur ad patres*" are not noticed, though the account just below of the formation of the "insula Tiberina" is translated in full, and the student is relieved from the necessity of consulting his classical dictionary by a short account of the island and the temples built upon it. The notes contain many inaccuracies and signs of careless editing. The line of Terence—"Tam excoctam reddam atque atram ut carbo est"—is quoted as occurring in the *Andria*; of course it is spoken by Demea in the *Adelphi*. Why does Mr. Belcher retain the ordinary form *Porsena* in the text, and speak of the Etruscan king as *Porsinna* in the notes? In the same way *Coriolanus* is called *Caius Marcius* in the text, *Cneius Marcius* in the notes. Perhaps the most extraordinary note in the book is one on the passage describing the dedication of the temple of Jupiter by the Consul Horatius, who received the news of his son's death during the ceremony. Such a curiosity of criticism deserves to be quoted in full:—

Non crediderit factum, an tantum roboris animo fuerit "Whether he believed the statement as a fact or was of such fortitude of mind." *Non . . . an*. This correlation for the construction of alternative sentences is, I think, very unusual. There is something near it (*cf. Madvig § 451*), but nothing that I have been able to find quite parallel.

What Mr. Belcher was thinking of when he wrote this we cannot conceive. He is apparently under the impression that "*non*" and "*an*" are correlatives. Of course the sentence is an example of the very common suppression of the introductory particle with the former of two alternatives, and means "Whether he disbelieved the news or was strong-minded enough to disregard it."

It is refreshing to turn from Mr. Belcher's lengthy and often inaccurate commentary to the shorter and more scholarly notes of Mr. Cluer. Mr. Cluer confines himself strictly to explaining the text of his author, giving all needful help in difficult passages, without encouraging laziness on the one hand or bewildering young students on the other. He seldom writes a sentence where a single word will do equally well, nor does he give renderings of long passages for the mere purpose of showing his powers as a translator. A well-written introduction contains within a small compass a sketch of the history of the period treated in these three books, and gives a fair estimate of the literary and historical value of Livy's writings generally. The text is taken from Professor Madvig's second edition. In the notes geographical and biographical explanations are seldom to be found; for Mr. Cluer rightly judges that boys are far more likely to remember such matters if they have had the trouble of referring for them to dictionaries than if they find them ready to hand in the notes. Derivations, too, are given sparingly, and Mr. Cluer is, we think, well advised in making but little reference to other than Latin authors. Unusual constructions are always noted, and resemblances between Latin and Greek idioms are duly pointed out. In fact, we may say without going into further detail that the book is exactly what an edition of a Latin prose author for school purposes should be. It does not aim at being anything more.

Mr. Page's edition of the third book of Horace's Odes is in no way inferior to the little volumes which contained the first two books. If there is any fault to be found with it, it is that the notes are perhaps in some cases a trifle too full for their purpose, but they are so good that we cannot bring ourselves to regret this. In commenting on classical poetry, and especially on the writings of a poet who depends so much as Horace upon beauty of form and expression, it is important to convey to young readers something more than the bare meaning of each passage, and this may be most readily done by comparison with similar passages in English poetry. Mr. Page resorts largely to this method, and with excellent effect. Thus he quotes Dryden's beautiful paraphrase of part of the Twenty-ninth Ode, and Swift's imitation of the well-known lines in the Second. With the effective repetition of the word "*Somnus*" in the lines on sleep in the First Ode, Mr. Page compares the rather similar device in *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 2. As an illustration of the figure of oxymoron, of which "*splendide mendax*" is a well-known instance, Mr. Tennyson's lines on Lancelot are quoted:—

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Mr. Tennyson's "many-fountained Ida" is happily suggested as a translation of "*aguosa Ida*" in Ode XX., and Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* are several times quoted, always with good effect. The notes are for the most part suited to the requirements of boys; but a few, which controvert the opinions of Orelli and other well-known editors, deserve special notice. In Ode VIII., l. 25, Orelli holds that "*privatus*" = "*cum sis privatus*." Mr. Page points out that, though *Mecenas* remained a simple knight, and therefore technically "*privatus*," it would have been absurd for Horace to say to him, "Cease, since you hold no official rank, to perform your duty," as *Mecenas* was actually in charge of the government. Mr. Price says, and we are disposed to agree with him, that the line means "forget the cares of State in the enjoyment of private society." In XIV. 5, Mr. Page renders "*unico marito*" by "illustrious husband," in opposition to Orelli's explanation, "*proprio gaudens marito, quæ quidem virtus tua singularis erat*." This interpretation does not seem so probable. The efforts of Augustus to raise the institution of marriage render it very likely that Horace would refer to the purity of the Empress as the highest praise he could give her. In Ode V. Mr. Page finds fault with Orelli's explanation of the words "*exemplo perniciem trahentis*," but his grounds for doing so are not very clear. He says that "perhaps a person may be said 'from a precedent to drag out or extend ruin into the future,' who foresees ruin so extending

* *The Second Book of Livy*. Edited, chiefly from the Text of Madvig, with Notes, &c., by Henry Belcher, M.A., Master of the Matriculation Class, King's College School. London: Rivingtons. 1882.

Livy, Books V., VI., and VII., from the War against Veii to the beginning of the Samnite Wars. Edited, with Notes, by A. R. Cluer, B.A., Balliol College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1881.

Q. Horatii Flacci Carminum liber III. Edited, for the Use of Schools, by T. E. Page, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Assistant Master at the Charterhouse. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

A School Greek Grammar. By William W. Goodwin, LL.D., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard College. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

Exercises in Latin Syntax and Idiom. Arranged with reference to Roby's School Latin Grammar, by Edwin B. England, M.A., Assistant Lecturer in Classics in the Owens College, Manchester. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

Classical Writers. Edited by John Richard Green. *Demosthenes*. By S. H. Butcher, M.A., Fellow and Praelector of University College, Oxford, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

from a precedent into the future." This language is somewhat obscure, but if we rightly understand Mr. Page, his explanation does not differ widely from that of Orelli, which he condemns. In Ode XIX., l. 11, Mr. Page refuses to accept the general interpretation, mainly on the ground that wine which was palatable with three times its own bulk of water could not be drinkable when mixed with a third of its own bulk of water. He takes the "tribus aut novem cyathis" to refer to the quantity drunk in each *poculum*, and not to the proportion of wine to water. In the previous ode there is a curious note on the lines "Gaudet invisam populusse fossor Ter pede terram." After telling us that the rustic had just been executing a "pas-de-seul," whatever that may be, Mr. Page goes on to say "the epithet *invisam* admirably suggests how clumsy the performance had been by describing it as 'a vengeance on the earth.'" But there is really no reference whatever to clumsiness. The "vengeance" merely consists in the fact of the labourer dancing on the earth, without regard to the skill of the performer. Horace would have been the last to hold up rustic sports to ridicule. However, the edition is on the whole excellent. Schoolboys of the present day are fortunate indeed to have such an introduction to the sweetest lyric poetry in the Latin, or perhaps in any, language.

Those who are already acquainted with Mr. Goodwin's *Greek Grammar* will not need any introduction to the present abridgment of it. The notes intended for reference have been omitted, together with most of the dialectic and poetic forms in the catalogue of verbs. The work generally has been condensed as far as possible, and as the more important parts are printed in conspicuous type, teachers may, as Mr. Goodwin points out, make a still more elementary grammar of the present work. The arrangement of the book is on the whole good, though perhaps too much attention is paid to logical order, and too little to the special requirements of beginners. For example, crasis and elision, the euphony of consonants, and the rules for Greek accentuation are not generally set before boys until they have mastered at any rate elementary accidence and syntax; nor is it desirable to print the various moods of each tense in parallel columns. Schoolmasters will agree with us that boys find much greater difficulty in grasping distinctions of mood than distinctions of tense, and that therefore for beginners the different moods are far better kept apart. For boys who are beginning Homer this grammar is especially useful, as the Homeric forms of nouns, adjectives, and verbs are given in every case. With regard to the verbs, it is comforting to find that the time-honoured but ill-chosen verb *τίττω* is abandoned as an example of inflexion. It is to be regretted that the strong conservatism of grammarians prevents the introduction of the genuine Attic terminations of the pluperfect indicative in *-η, -ης, and -ει*, but perhaps the point is not one of very great importance. The rules of syntax are well and clearly stated, and the book may be confidently recommended to teachers.

Mr. England's book of Latin Exercises seems to be quite unfitted for the use of young students. There is too much subdivision of the uses of the different moods, and the explanations are constantly given in language which few boys could understand. Very many of the sentences and passages for translation are ill-suited to their purpose. The book is intended to be used "after a course of elementary exercises, to prepare for and accompany the translation of connected pieces of idiomatic English." It is, therefore, of a moderately elementary character; yet quite at the beginning we find such passages for rendering into Latin as the following:—

Anger differs from ill-temper as a drunken man does from a drunkard, and a man who is afraid from a coward. The angry man may not be ill-tempered, the ill-tempered man may occasionally not be angry.

An ordinary boy would be utterly bewildered by such a passage as this, and one who was able to turn it into satisfactory Latin would scarcely require to be informed in a note that the word "does" must be omitted. To intelligent and well-educated persons who may wish to begin the study of Latin late in life, the book may perhaps be useful.

Mr. Butcher's little monograph on Demosthenes contains an interesting sketch of the age in which the orator lived, a tolerably detailed account of his public life and speeches, a chapter on his private speeches, and an estimate of his position as a statesman and an orator. An analysis is given of the principal speeches, together with vigorous translations of a few choice passages. The estimate of Demosthenes as a statesman brings into prominence what is too often neglected—the home policy of Demosthenes, his vigorous and unceasing efforts to purify the political atmosphere at home, and his superiority to the narrow prejudices which were almost universal in Athens as in other Greek States. It is perhaps superfluous to say that Mr. Butcher's work is well done; yet it may fairly be doubted whether such books as this serve any useful educational end. To understand and appreciate, as to write, so highly condensed and generalized an account of Demosthenes requires a thorough acquaintance with his works and with the course of Athenian history in general. Without this previous knowledge no information derived from such works as the one before us can be of any real value. The study, now unhappily prevalent, of literature of this kind can only give the semblance of learning without the reality.

TWO MINOR NOVELS.*

MRS. WALFORD'S novelette is compact and artistic; it abounds in vivid local colouring, and has sundry clever sketches of character. The scenes are laid in the south-western counties of Scotland, while there is relief from the uneventful life of a remote country parish of the moorlands in visits to the thriving sea-town of Port, and the big and bustling city of Glasgow. It will be seen that it is a tale of humble life, and Dick Netherby, the stalwart hero, is merely one of Lord Galt's gamekeepers. But Dick is the hero of a tempest in a teacup; he has his ambitions, and is capable of an intense passion, although, with his robust frame and his rough keeper's suit of homespun, he assumes the airs of a rustic Adonis. The life in that wild hill parish might have seemed uneventful to a stranger, but the sensational incidents of a human career can only be measured in relation to the circumstances. Dick suffered keenly and sinned deeply in the short period covered by the novel; and his light and selfish attentions caused aching hearts to most respectable members of the parochial community. In fact, his love adventures and their consequences are but a rustic reflection of what passes every day and everywhere in more polished society. The difference is that the author, as we may say, has translated them into the simple speech and feeling of the vernacular; her characters give frank and outspoken expression to thoughts that are hypocritically concealed in a more advanced civilization; while malevolent feelings are translated by unsophisticated natures into the actions that bring criminals within reach of the law. On the other hand, harassing worries and disappointments are relieved by the habits of honest work that correct any morbid tendency to brooding.

Dick Netherby owes his misfortunes and his misery to the fondness of the foolish mother who has spoiled him. Mrs. Netherby is sketched in effective, though painful, contrast to the good folks among whom her lot has been cast. Formerly a light-headed lady's-maid, she has learned to ape the airs and affect the manners of fine ladies. Like them, she laid herself out to make a satisfactory marriage; and she fancied she had fair reason to congratulate herself when she was wedded to the griever or bailiff of Lord Galt. She always looked down on her plain Scotch husband, but then she enjoyed an assured position, and was surrounded by all reasonable comforts. When her husband dies, she mourns him sincerely. Not that she has the slightest regard for his memory, since her associations with him personally had been humiliating rather than otherwise. But she deprecates the sad social collapse that has removed her from the home farm to a gamekeeper's lodge. Her darling Dick, greatly to her disappointment, was deemed too young to step into his father's shoes; and though Dick's kind-hearted master has given him a berth as gamekeeper, Mrs. Netherby feels that she has lost caste altogether. Whereupon her artificial manners become more superfine than ever. Indeed Mrs. Netherby is a grotesque yet very natural caricature of follies which we may witness any day among those who fancy themselves her superiors. Never does she show her shallow absurdities in greater perfection than in her friendly relations with her neighbours, the McClintocks. Honest Mr. McClintock had been chosen to fill her husband's place; so doubtless Mrs. Netherby would have vowed unrelenting enmity to the usurper. But she has two excellent reasons for keeping on terms with him; one is that his lordship's griever is necessarily a man to be conciliated; the other, that McClintock has an only daughter, who will certainly be a well-dowered maiden. Nothing can be better in their way than the descriptions of the lady's diplomatic visits to the griever's family; and, indeed, they not unfrequently remind us of the vigorous realism of Galt. Mrs. Netherby dexterously feels her way, till she is made overbearing by the simple, modest humility of her neighbours. She pays her first visit in full dress, to be taken aback, and in a measure insulted, by her unceremonious reception. Mrs. McClintock, coming bare-armed to the door, having been interrupted in the midst of her household labours, ushers the visitor into the kitchen, which is the family living room. And she and her husband, who are as shrewd as they are hospitable, are distracted in the course of their subsequent acquaintance between dislike of Mrs. Netherby's airs and the sense of their obligations to be neighbourly. Moreover, Master Dick, with his pleasant talk and his easy airs of self-confidence, is a far more welcome guest than his mother. Though only one of his lordship's underkeepers, he is a handsome youth, with a possible future; and his looks and insinuating ways recommend him to McClintock's daughter. And Dick goes to work as if he had had his training in the great world. He makes love to the mother as well as to the daughter, and conquers the one almost as completely as the other. It would have been all plain sailing with him had it not been for the inconvenient acuteness of McClintock, whose intelligence has been quickened by his fatherly affection. He sees into the secret which Dick has cynically confided to his scheming mother; he understands that the youth's attentions have nothing to do with his heart, and that he pays his addresses to Meg's "tocher," and not to herself. Accordingly, the worthy griever, yielding to his natural anger and contempt, gives the lad, who had been a favourite, his dismissal rather roughly. But seeing that sorrow, "like a worm i' the bud," is preying upon his plain daughter's ruddy cheeks, the

* *Dick Netherby*. By L. B. Walford, Author of "Mr. Smith," &c. Edinburgh & London: Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

The Lieutenant of the Tower. By the Author of "Estelle," &c. 1882.

old grievance is moved to reconsider his resolution. There is really a finely conceived and characteristic scene, where he offers Dick another chance. Dick has been buoying himself up with the fallacious hopes of a new and promising start in life. McClintock has been striving to cherish a lingering fancy that he may have done the fairspeoken youth some injustice, and here is the opportunity of testing his belief. Should Dick turn back in his prosperity to Meg, why he shall have her, dowry and all. So McClintock makes an opening, bluntly but diffidently, and waits in breathless expectation for the other's answer. Dick, who has decided that in his brightening fortunes he need not embarrass himself with Meg, thinks that "least said is soonest mended," and in the fulness of his worldly wisdom makes no direct answer; whereupon McClintock takes leave of him in bitter disappointment that his unfavourable impressions should have been so painfully confirmed. The conclusion of the story, though more sensational than the commencement, is also more commonplace. Dick is balked of the promised appointment, takes to dissipation and drinking, and is in a fair way of going to the bad, when his downward course is arrested by a genuine passion. The young man is represented as naturally well-disposed, though he had been nearly ruined irremediably by his unfortunate upbringing. But, after committing so many faults and follies, retributive justice makes it indispensable that he should pay their penalty; and the malicious scheming of a jealous friend rudely awakens him from his dreams of love and happiness. We shall not spoil the crowning excitements of the story by disclosing anything as to the catastrophe. We may only add, that the *dénouement*, which is wrapped in mystery to the last, has perhaps been planned with more regard to consistency than to probability.

The Lieutenant of the Tower has one point in common with *Dick Netherby*, inasmuch as there are various clever and amusing scenes where an old-fashioned child is prattling to her seniors. Otherwise it can only suffer by comparison, for it is anything rather than compact and artistic. The author complicates the slightest of plots, loosely thrown together, by introducing a prologue and an epilogue which are altogether irrelevant. With the exception of the heroine, on whom she has expended her chief pains with considerable success—and it is a very important exception, as we need not say—her creations are of a decidedly shadowy nature. She evidently regards elaborate word-painting as her strong point, and *The Lieutenant*, like every one of her earlier novels which we have read, is overloaded with pages of the most minute description. We have photographs of an ancient square near the Tower, and companion photographs of another old-fashioned square in the West End. We have photographs coloured in the most finished style of poetical auctioneers; of sundry manorial residences in the Sussex weald, with their grounds and home domains. We have reproductions of venerable interiors, of marvellous carvings by Grinling Gibbons; we have inventories of quaint furniture that would make the fortune of a Wardour Street dealer, and of china and objects of art that would fetch fancy prices from collectors. And we have the figures of pretty children, and of more or less attractive young women, worked out among these picturesque properties and surroundings, in every conceivable attitude of mind and body. Considering that the story is a short one, the characters are numerous, and they are probably meant to be various; yet we are conscious of an overpowering sense of monotony in them. Whether male or female, young or old, they all appear to us precise maidens, predestined to lives of celibacy, and masquerading under transparent disguises. Take the Lieutenant himself as an example. "Lieutenant" is short for lieutenant-colonel, and is a childish abbreviation given him by a little girl. A gallant warrior might well have a feminine tenderness for children, and we have nothing whatever to say against him on that account. But the dashing Fielding is a captain and lieutenant-colonel in Her Majesty's Foot Guards; he is the heir to an old county family; he is represented as a man of the world; and he subsequently covers himself with glory and decorations in India. Yet in his quarters in the Tower he is always presented to us as doing the honours of the tea-tray and muffins, surrounded by feminine nick-nacks, and by his cats and parrots, like one of his grand-aunts or Robinson Crusoe. And, so far as we know, he is as lonely as Robinson Crusoe; he never seems to see anything of his brother officers, while he is most eloquent in moralizing on the pregnant inscriptions left by the historical tenants of his dismal prison-house. We do not say that a gay young colonel in the Guards might not have a sentimental and romantic side to his character; but, so far as our knowledge of the service goes, he would only wear his heart on his sleeve upon exceptional occasions. And the Colonel talks to his sisters literally as one of themselves; while he shows the hereditary strength of character attributed to the Fieldings by falling a victim to the most superficial family combinations. Up to the very last, we suspect that he is intended to marry Monica Carr, the little *protégée* he had petted while quartered in the Tower, who has grown into a fascinating young woman. So we have every reason to believe that he would have done had he only been left to choose for himself; but his sisters are opposed to the connexion, and throw another girl in his way. On which the Colonel is pushed down at her feet, to rise her accepted lover, and in a state of supreme felicity; and we doubt not that he has found another master in his mistress. Meantime, Monica Carr, who has been thrown over somewhat cavalierly, is summarily paired off with a wealthy cousin, who has always been plastic, generous, and womanly. We sincerely hope that Monica may be happy. For,

though she has not grown upon us as she grew in years, she was an exceedingly piquante and fascinating little girl; and readers who skip judiciously may find much entertainment in the passages of her juvenile friendship with the phenomenal Lieutenant of the Tower.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE sixth and last volume of M. Wallon's excellent *Histoire du tribunal révolutionnaire* (1) contains comparatively little new matter, the eve of enfranchisement from Jacobin tyranny having been reached at the end of the fifth. Only a small proportion of the pages of the present book is taken up with actual proceedings before the Court, and these are mostly composed of the trial of Carrier and his accomplices, in which for once the Revolutionary Tribunal appeared as a court of justice. The rest is occupied by appendices and indices, classified lists of acquittals and condemnations, and suchlike supplementary matter. Popular the book is never likely to be; but it has finally arranged, with absolute precision, unwearied completeness, and unattackable accuracy, all the documents necessary for estimating the blessings of revolutions and republics. Our Neo-Jacobins naturally will not quote or consult it much; but that cannot be helped.

The edition of Jules Favre's political and parliamentary speeches, which his widow has lately finished, is now supplemented by two stout volumes of *Plaidoyers politiques et judiciaires* (2).

M. Ernest Daudet's articles on the youth of himself and his more famous brother have attracted some attention during their appearance in the *Nouvelle Revue*, and it is very probable that they will have a fair number of readers in book form (3). We are glad to learn that M. Alphonse Daudet, whose taste in his own case seems to be better than in the case of the living people whom he drags into his novels, protested against the proceeding; and we are rather sorry that an estimable man of letters like his brother should have lent himself to the diseased modern fancy for interviewing in one form or another. There are worse forms than M. Ernest Daudet's, no doubt; and it is, perhaps, unnecessary to protest very loudly. For, to tell the cruel truth, both authors, though one has great and the other fair talent, are of just that literary position which makes a solemn volume about them more of an absurdity than an offence.

There has appeared, uniform with M. Eugène Muntz's splendid *Précurseurs de la renaissance*, which we noticed some months ago, a smaller, but still splendid, volume on the Superintendent Fouquet (4), which seems to be but the first of a series of old French collectors. Certainly Fouquet's devotion to literature and men of letters has not been ill repaid. From La Fontaine to Dumas almost all professed *littérateurs* who have treated the subject have agreed to pardon his public faults—which, it is to be feared, were not exactly small—in consideration of his private merits. This work of M. Bonaffé's (who, by the way, retains the older and doubtless more correct, but now little used, spelling of the name as Fouquet) is devoted to Fouquet's collections and galleries, his gorgeous upholstery, and all the other things which made up the home for the breaking up of which the nymphs de Vaux had to weep. There is an excellent portrait of Fouquet, exhibiting the somewhat effeminate, but wonderfully attractive, features which, with his vast wealth, made him the greatest lady-killer of his time. There are engravings of his curios, his statues, his medallions, &c. There are inventories from which it appears that the famous legacy of a "second-best bed" would not, in Fouquet's case, have been despicable. The second-best bed at Vaux, with its appendages, was valued at five thousand six hundred livres, representing probably at least two thousand pounds sterling present value. It is true that the best bed was valued at no less than fourteen thousand.

La vie parisienne sous Louis XVI. (5) is a prettily-printed little book in M. Calmann-Lévy's 16mo format, giving the tour of three honest Lorrainers to Paris and its neighbourhood just before the Revolution. The book has no pretensions to special literary merit, nor does it contain any striking adventures. The provincials "loafed" freely in the Palais Royal and elsewhere, and evidently nudged each other's sides and winked not seldom. They saw the diamond-necklace Countess at the Salpêtrière, and some other historical sights. But the principal thing really noticeable in the book is the entire absence of even slight symptoms of political perturbation of any kind.

We have so often commented on the extraordinary diligence with which the seventeenth-century history of France is being now explored, that it is not very easy to find any general remark for a new book (6) illustrating the rule. The writer of it appears to be secretary of the Swiss Legation at Paris, and he has chosen the

(1) *Histoire du tribunal révolutionnaire*. Par H. Wallon. Tome 6. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Plaidoyers politiques et judiciaires de Jules Favre*. 2 vols. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Mon frère et moi*. Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Le surintendant Fouquet*. Par E. Bonaffé. Paris et Londres: Librairie de l'Art.

(5) *La vie parisienne sous Louis XVI.* Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *Henri IV.—Les Suisses et la haute Italie*. Par Edouard Rott. Paris: Plon.

appropriate subject of the struggle for the Alps in the first decade of the century—that confused, and to perfunctory historical students, somewhat perplexing, contention which, centring chiefly round the Valtelline, continued more or less for the whole period. The book appears to be very thoroughly done, and, in handling diplomatic correspondence and other unpublished material, M. Rott has shown himself intrepid and judicious.

A volume of essays by an "educationist" is apt to be of somewhat limited interest, unless the educationist has the combined genius for paradox and letters of a celebrated Inspector of schools in Great Britain. M. Bréal (7) is not Mr. Matthew Arnold; but, with every disclaimer of an ill compliment to the latter, we should imagine that his picture of German and French schools, drawn from actual visits paid during his own holidays (for the true pedagogue is nearly as unhappy as an actor or a waiter when he is off his beat), has somewhat more literal truth than some glowing sketches of Mr. Arnold's which we all know. It is certainly less rose-coloured. M. Bréal is a practical man, and when he speaks he generally has an eye on some definite reform in the French system—a reform which no doubt may be of great interest to French educational reformers, but which sometimes fails to interest outsiders much. The point most worth noticing, perhaps, is that M. Bréal, like many, perhaps most, Frenchmen who write on the subject nowadays, is urgent for the suppression, or at least the great modification, of *internats*.

M. Bossert's book (8), which has achieved its *Académie couronne* and its second edition, contains some good essays on Lessing, Klopstock, Lavater, &c., besides dealing with Goethe himself, chiefly in his youth.

A great man quitting a world, or even a part of a world, which is not worthy of him, is always an affecting sight, and this sight is presented by the author of *Nana* (9) in the preface to this last volume of his collected articles. "Me voilà," he says, "dans la retraite," and in a condition, we are glad to hear, of "bien-être profond." When he confines himself to growing cabbages and writing *Pot-bouille*, "la légende imbécile de mon orgueil et de ma cruauté" will, he thinks, fall before the facts. For ourselves we should never have accused M. Zola of pride, but only of conceit, which is different; nor of cruelty, but only of spite, which is different again; but he must know best. During his sixteen years of pressmanship, it seems, the passion for truth has solely possessed him, and people will find it out some day. If that poor next age were set to work conscientiously to examine all the questions and redress all the wrongs proposed to it, what a horribly bored next age it would be! But the next age will probably care remarkably little about M. Zola. His self-advertisements have been too effective for that. Restif de la Bretonne (who was a much superior person as a man of letters to M. Zola, though there are some resemblances between them) is run after because he is rare, and because many of his books are very pretty ones. M. Zola will hardly have these claims on the next age. Of the actual contents of this volume there is not much to be said. We find, as usual, much ridiculous praise of friends; much ridiculous depreciation of enemies; many shrewd remarks thrown in by the way when M. Zola's coarse, but strong, faculty has an opportunity of asserting itself without prejudice; a good many absurd theories; some of the usual dull droning about documents and science; and a good deal of cheerful dogmatism on subjects (for instance, English literature) about which it is perfectly evident that M. Zola knows absolutely nothing. He has done well to retire from the press and stick to his novels. No one in his senses denies that he has talent as a novelist, wofully as he has misapplied it. As a critic and journalist he will probably be remembered by posterity as little more than an abusive and unamusing failure.

There is one sense in which a verse of Latin which it is not now lawful to quote does apply to husbandmen. They have, if they know how to use it, an inexhaustible subject for literature in their daily pursuits and recreations. Here (10), for instance, is M. de Cherville, who, without any extraordinary pains we should suppose, and by simply writing like a gentleman about subjects which interest himself, has produced a book which the reader reads with interest and profit from beginning to end, and respecting which, when he comes to the end, he makes his bow to the author and says, "M. le Marquis, you may bestow a third series upon your obliged humble servant at your earliest leisure." We do not know that there is anything strikingly new in the book; the stories with which, after the custom of such things, it is larded here and there, are not specially brilliant, though they are seldom either hackneyed or dull; and the general writing, though capital for its purpose, is not extraordinarily good. But the book is always interesting, whether M. de Cherville is describing his adventures with sauerkraut, or recommending Frenchmen (a recommendation which, we fancy, they will be shy of accepting) to take to fly-fishing, or expatiating on the virtues of seal-kale (which, for some miraculous reason, is still nearly as unknown in the country of gastronomy as fly-fishing itself), or discoursing of wolves or bulldogs (on which noble animals he is too severe), or Newfoundlands (on which he is not too severe at all).

(7) *Excursions pédagogiques*. Par M. Bréal. Paris: Hachette.
(8) *Goethe; ses précurseurs et ses contemporains*. Par C. Bossert. Paris: Hachette.

(9) *Une campagne 1880-1881*. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.
(10) *Lettres de mon jardin*. Par le marquis de Cherville. 2^{me} série. Paris: Dreyfous.

We own that we think M. de Cherville wrong in depreciating the flavour of green plover, but we shall not excommunicate him for that.

Les manieurs d'argent (11) appears "avec une nouvelle introduction," but what the exact age of the bulk of the book is we are unable to say. It scarcely describes itself exactly on the covers as "Etudes historiques 1720-1882," for by far the greater part of it is occupied with Law and with D'Aguesseau's attitude towards the *système*. The object of the book is undoubtedly an excellent one, there being probably no society, even in America, so thoroughly honeycombed with stock-jobbing as that of Paris. But we do not know that a good object has been gone about in the best way.

Very much the same may be said of *Le jeu public et Monaco* (12). That Monte Carlo is a nuisance few people in England deny. But the mathematical and the terrorist methods of arguing against gambling are both very weak. The predestinated gambler on the one hand, and the idle man of the world on the other, will say to Dr. Prompt:—"My dear sir, I can assure your benevolent mind that I shan't blow my brains out; and, as you know perfectly well that all your arguments only go to prove that the whole mass of players, and not any individual and casual player, must necessarily lose, they don't affect me at all." A much better argument is that there are far more amusing ways of losing money and far cleaner ones of gaining it.

As the opening of a series of one franc classics nothing could be better than this edition of André Chénier (13). There is, of course, no pretension to give anything but fair paper and clear and readable type, but in both these respects the book leaves nothing to be desired.

M. Cantacuzène is pursuing his translations of Schopenhauer. The present (14) is, we mistake not, the third or fourth which he has devoted to that cheerful philosopher.

The appearance of *L'année scientifique* (15) for 1881 only needs to be mentioned to induce those who have had experience of its merits to order it at once. The Electrical Exhibition of last year gives it something of a special interest.

M. Paul Eudel's chronicle (16) of the Hôtel Drouot sales during the last twelvemonth is written so as to be not only readable, but also useful.

The extraction of all the passages referring unfavourably to England in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's *Young Ireland*, and the publication of them as a bird's-eye view of Irish history, appears to be the method of Miss or Mrs. Cowley (17). This is a proceeding which, if the author's name had been John, instead of Mary, might have deserved some plain speaking. As it is, it can only be said that the author himself will doubtless be much gratified at an unintelligible string of incongruous remarks being presented as a substantive work of his.

It is a dangerous thing to write *Pensées*. Truisms and commonplaces may escape notice in the sweet security of a paragraph, but they run a terrible risk of detection when they are neatly arranged in a dozen words by themselves, and set in the middle of a page with a respectful margin of several inches of blank paper round them. M. Gerfaut (18), we fear, is not that successor of Joubert for whom we are all waiting. He is not even accurate, which the *Pensée*-writer should always be. To sneer at people for quoting Rabelais when they have never read him, and then oneself to quote a phrase as Rabelais's, which happens not to be Rabelais's at all, but Marot's, is unfortunate.

A book which has reached its forty-fifth edition, and has not unworthy claims on popularity, may be said to be past praise and blame. The well-known *Grammaire des grammaires* (19) of Dr. de Fivas is in this proud position, and it celebrates the event by adding to itself a history on French history and etymology. This is a ticklish matter, and we cannot say that the actual history is quite faultless; but it will doubtless prove a useful addition.

Whether the title of the book (20) which M. Nadar (Bohemian, photographer, balloonist, *intransigent*, vegetarian, and half a dozen other things) has written is intended to recall that agreeable poem of M. de Banville, which, after an enumeration of the *chevelures* of divers of his friends, ends "Mais Nadar, Arbore l'incendie," we cannot say. But the book is a pleasant one and an uncommon. It has no single pervading character except one of amiable and rather thoughtful crotchettiness. But whether its chapters are reminiscences, fantasy pieces, essays, or what not (and they are all of these by turns), they are worth reading, and make it rather surprising that M. Nadar should not have persevered in

(11) *Les manieurs d'argent*. Par O. de Vallée. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(12) *Le jeu public et Monaco*. Par le Dr. Prompt. Paris: Dentu.

(13) *Amours Portugais d'André Chénier*. Paris: Dentu.

(14) *Du principe de la raison suffisante par Schopenhauer*. Traduit par J. A. Cantacuzène. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(15) *L'année scientifique et industrielle*. Par L. Figuier. Paris: Hachette.

(16) *L'Hôtel Drouot en 1881*. Par P. Eudel. Paris: Charpentier.

(17) *Histoire d'Irlande à vol d'oiseau*. Par Sir C. G. Duffy. Traduit par Marie W. Cowley. Paris: Blériot et Gautier.

(18) *Pensées d'automne*. Par P. Gerfaut. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(19) *Grammaire des grammaires*. Par V. de Fivas. London: Crosby Lockwood.

(20) *Sous l'incendie*. Par Nadar. Paris: Charpentier.

letters, which were, if we mistake not, the earliest of his many vocations.

If the truth must be told, we prefer the original Isaiah (of course from the purely literary point of view) to Mr. Weill's Faubourg St.-Honoré version (21). The author protests very honestly and energetically against the evils of his day and country; but, unfortunately, he protests against them in a form for which he has scarcely the slightest aptitude. As an Englishman reads Mr. Weill, he naturally thinks of nothing so much as of the poet of Proverbial Philosophy adopting the manner and measures of Victor Hugo.

"Virilités," says M. Chevé (22), "d'aucuns diront brutalités." There are also some, we fear we may inform M. Chevé, who will not use either word, but will amiably, though with shouts of laughter, suggest "puerilités." M. Chevé is a terrible fellow. Three persons, above all others, appear to attract his indignation—the Divinity, M. Gambetta, and the author of *L'Assommoir*—a trinity of hatreds which is at least tolerably uncommon, though we fear it is not quite original. "What do you mean by educating woman?" says M. Chevé, in majestic indignation. "All that I require of her—I Chevé—is an occasional 'spasm,' and I do not find that education makes her more spasmodic." "Poets! why don't you put a little more pimento in your plates?" says M. Chevé, this time literally. Finally M. Chevé, returning to serious business, remarks:—"Il reste à chasser Dieu." He must be congratulated on having exhibited great acumen in this remark. He is the Archibald Douglas of atheists. There is nothing to do but to bell the cat; but who is going to do it? "La poésie," says M. Chevé, "c'est le trison." The effect of M. Chevé's poetry is, in this case, that his readers are left, not shivering, but laughing, though perhaps with a certain feeling that somebody ought to take M. Chevé and treat him as other naughty little boys are treated.

We have noticed that a certain sadness seems to possess the soul of M. Zola. That sadness would, we fear, be intensified if he saw the collection of novels which is before us. There are some fifteen or sixteen, and not a "documentary" one among the number. Here is M. Halévy (23), to whom even M. Zola would find, not indeed with the pen, but with the tongue, some difficulty in refusing the possession of a little talent, writing an absurd story, in which a gentleman and lady actually fall in love with each other in a perfectly decent and proper fashion, and idiotically get married, with no prospect of any tragedy or drama or anything of the kind. The thing is as *bête* as an English novel; and M. Zola knows that there is nothing so *bête* as that. Let us, to drop M. Zola, say that we only wish many English novels were as good as *L'Abbé Constantin*. M. Théodore de Banville should not have given place even to M. Halévy, if it had not been that the opinions of the worthy author of *Nana* about him are well known. So are the opinions of persons competent to judge of literature. In these charming fairy tales (24) all M. de Banville's grace of style, and all the kindly delight in colour and splendour which distinguishes his verse, reappear. *La conquête de Marie* (25) is worse than either of these books from the point of view just noticed; for here is a gentleman with a "lesion" of some sort or other, who actually gets the better of it, or, rather, allows it to be subdued by a young woman, again of irreproachable conduct. The book (whose author we do not distinctly remember to have met before) is not faultless, but has considerable merit and interest. The author has evidently read Thackeray, and has even borrowed a little from him here and there.

In *Quinze ans de bagne* (26) M. Ulbach finishes up his last crime, that of the *Marteau d'acier*. We do not care greatly for either book. *Le banni* (27), a sequel likewise—in this case to *Le brigadier Frédéric*—will not, we fear, raise the reputation of the famous Alsatian pair to its former pitch. To keep on nagging at the Prussians really seems a most deplorable kind of occupation for the authors of a great nation. A few of the forest pictures have the old power, but that is all. M. Hector Malot tells in *Les millions honteux* (28) what is the infallible recipe for clearing the reputation of a father of dubious memory. The son must shoot a *gérant* and the daughter marry a prince. The circumstances of these operations are described with some vigour here. *La jeunesse d'un désespéré* (29) takes us into some of those adventures (this time with a not very intelligible, but evidently pestilent, sort of "lyncher") which with us rarely appear now except in boys' books, but for which the French public seems still to have a certain appetite. O! *Jobic le corsaire* (30) we shall only say that a writer who at this time of day trumps up elaborately and in detail the exploded *Vengeur* story must have found the authentic naval history of France singularly barren in deeds of daring. Mrs. Craven's books hold a place so entirely to them-

self that it is not surprising that *Eliane* (31) should be in its third edition. *Les petits pieds d'une aristocrate* (32) is a Revolution novel, and it has not escaped the curious fatality which seems to pursue novels of the Revolution. The scene of *Le roman d'une Anglaise* (33) is laid in England, and, for a wonder, by a writer who evidently knows something about his subject. As for the last three novels on our list, they hardly admit of special characterization in few words. *Speranza* (34) seems to us better than M. Glatron's last; *Le cousin Noël* (35) not so distinctly marked as *Misé Féréal*; but they and *Les rentes du docteur* (36) are really three fair ordinary novels, and nothing more.

- (31) *Eliane*. Par Mme. Craven. 2 vols. 3^{ème} édition. Paris: Didier.
 (32) *Les petits pieds d'une aristocrate*. Par P. Brill. Paris: Plon.
 (33) *Le roman d'une Anglaise*. Par Fortunio. Paris: Dentu.
 (34) *Speranza*. Par G. Glatron. Paris: Lemerre.
 (35) *Le cousin Noël*. Par Jacques Vincent. Paris: Plon.
 (36) *Les rentes du docteur*. Par F. de Biotière. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

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